POINT OF NO RETURN

UNTITLED SCREENPLAY

(Formerly "GIRL #5")

A Screenplay by

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Producer: Art Linson
Director: John Badham

THIRD DRAFT

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - 4:00 A.M. 1

What we first see is everybody's nightmare -- every law abiding citizen's worst fear: carrying Uzi's and .45 automatics, four street punks from hell walk TOWARD the CAMERA. One of them drags a limp body in one hand, holds an axe in the other.

These four wear no T-shirts with rebellious slogans, no carefully-ripped designer jeans, no earrings. Their clothes are as unexpressive as their faces -- all of which contain only one emotion: anger.

Whatever these four experienced they've been marked to the bone by it. They are America's disaffected. Your life means nothing to them. Their lives mean nothing to them. Scary as hell.

As the four NEAR the CAMERA we see them more closely:

BIG STAN is a shirtless six-foot-three mass of muscles. (It is he who drags the unconscious body along).

JOHNNY D. is his opposite -- a frail youth with pale, translucent skin stretched over his bony face.

BURT has a face that is still handsome, in spite of the life he's led.

MAGGIE is the fourth person. She walks next to Burt. She might have been born beautiful, but right now she looks like hell: she wears a headset over ragged, chopped-off hair, her teeth are dark, her skin is dirty, and her eyes are at half-mast -- she's zonked on some kind of drug. She hums constantly to the music she hears on her headset. She's Burt's girlfriend, and leans against him for support occasionally.

2 EXT. DRUGSTORE - NIGHT 2

The four stop here. A neon sign above their heads flashes alternately, "DRUGS/FARMACIA/DRUGS/FARMACIA/DRUGS," and Johnny D. moves nearest the door, fumbling with a ring of keys.

He's nervous, though; his fingers tremble and he can't find the right key. Behind him, losing what little patience he has, Big Stan shoulders Johnny D. aside and smashes the padlock with his axe. The sound is grotesquely loud in the night.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

JOHNNY D.
I had the fuckin' keys, Stan!

STAN
(holds up the axe)
This is faster.

MAGGIE
(like a zombie)
I need it...

BURT
Relax -- you'll get it.

MAGGIE
I need it so bad...

During the last two pieces of dialogue, Big Stan removes the lock and opens the door.

3 INT. D.C. DRUGSTORE - NIGHT 3

The four spill through the door. Big Stan drops the body onto the floor and the three men start to break open the wooden drawers, looking for drugs.

Sweating more profusely now, and even further out of it than she was a few minutes ago, Maggie crawls under a counter, out of the noise and confusion.

4 INT. DRUGSTORE BEDROOM - NIGHT 4

A MAN and a WOMAN, both fifty-ish, and frightened, listen to the noise of the break-in below. The woman loads a shotgun while the Man babbles into the telephone:

MAN
... Right now, I tell you, they're down there now. It's (Wash. D.C. reference)...
(to his wife; a command)
You're not going down there!

The Woman ignores him. The gun loaded, she turns toward the door. She's scared, but determined.

5 INT. D.C. DRUGSTORE - NIGHT 5

Burt, Johnny D., and Big Stan are rifling through various vials and pill bottles, looking for the good stuff.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 5

They make absolutely no attempt to be quiet, no attempt to be cautious. If they get the drugs and get away -- fine. If they get caught -- fine. They simply do not give a fuck.

Then Big Stan's attention is caught by a sunglass display. He leaves the cabinets, and tries on several pairs, preening in a mirror.

Burt takes two steps over to the counter under which Maggie sits. He bends down, looks at her. Her eyes are three-quarters closed now.

MAGGIE
I gotta have it...

BURT
(over his shoulder)
Johnny D! What the fuck's wrong? I thought you knew where the stuff was!

JOHNNY D.
He always keeps it right --

Shockingly, bright light floods the room, shutting off Johnny D's words. The Woman from upstairs stands in a doorway, her shotgun wavering.

In a smooth move, Burt palms two guns behind his back. Big Stan leaves on the last pair of sunglasses, and Johnny D. hides behind a post. The Woman is petrified, but she puts on a brave show:

WOMAN
I'll count to three.

BURT
Or...?

WOMAN
Or my husband'll spend tomorrow moppin' up your blood.

BIG STAN
(high, mincing voice)
You'd kill your own baby boy? You'd shoot little Johnny D.?

The Woman's face jerks in surprise. She glances around, uncertain.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2) 5

WOMAN
Johnny D.?

There is a beat and Johnny D. moves from behind the post. The Woman's face sags.

WOMAN
This'll kill your dad.

JOHNNY D
We need a fix, Mom!

BURT
(to Woman)
Okay, Grandma, give it up -- you're not gonna shoot your little baby here, are you?

BIG STAN
(to Woman)
Yeah -- drag your withered old ass over here and help us find the good stuff -- shit!

Two police CARS, lights flashing, SCREECH to a halt outside, and four cops jump out. For an instant everyone in the room is frozen, and then the Woman FIRES reflexively. She hits nothing, but Burt's .45 puts a hole in her forehead the size of a quarter, and the Woman goes down fast and hard.

Suddenly it's a war zone.

All four cops begin SHOOTING through the windows. At the same time, Burt, in a two-gun stance, FIRES at the cops while Big Stan SHOOTS out all the lights, so that the drugstore is again dark.

Out in the street we see one cop go down screaming, gut-shot.

All the while, Johnny D. cowers behind his post, yelling to the cops at the top of his lungs.

JOHNNY D.
Don't! Don't! Don't! I live here!

THROUGH the window, we see a cop as he readies a high-powered rifle. He's careful. Taking his time. He puts two bullets in Johnny D's. chest, killing him instantly.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (3) 5

This causes Big Stan to snap. He laughs a high weird laugh and loses any vestige of fear, of self-protection. He jumps onto a counter, laughing madly, and starts to trash the place with his Uzi. He BLOWS OUT every WINDOW in the place. Sparks fly as he BLOWS OUT the wiring. Thousands of GLASS bottles EXPLODE and fly through the air.

6 EXT. D.C. DRUGSTORE - NIGHT 6

The crazier it gets inside, the more carefully the cops move.

A baby-faced cop squats behind his car, steadying his rifle. Very cool.

7 INT. D.C. DRUGSTORE - NIGHT 7

Maggie sits as she sat before, staring into the middle distance.

Above her, Burt slides down the counter in another of his snake-smooth moves. Then suddenly he's up and FIRING. He hits one of the rifle-carrying cops, who falls dead. Burt yells "Yes!" and laughs along with Big Stan.

Big Stan's Uzis run out of bullets. He pulls a pistol from his belt, but fumbles it onto the floor. No matter -- anything will do to trash the place: he picks up an axe and continues the destruction. All the while, he's screaming:

BIG STAN
Is that it? Is that all you got? Huh? Is it? Show me what you got?

Below him, we see Maggie's hand reach out, slide the gun across the floor and into her spot beneath the counter.

8 EXT. D.C. DRUGSTROE - NIGHT 8

The baby-faced cop mounts a night-scope on his rifle. Then he raises the gun. He's patient. He's careful.

9 NIGHT-SCOPE POV 9

We see Burt, who's still firing his .45's at random -- he's unaware that the night-scope makes him perfectly visible.

10 INT. D.C. DRUGSTORE - NIGHT 10

Burt screams at no one -- at everyone:

BURT
Motherfuckers! Motherfuckers all of you! I'll kill the goddamn world!

BIG STAN
(still swinging the axe)
We'll get all of you! Every last one!

Suddenly the baby-faced cop FIRES, and Burt's face disappears in a mass of blood. He flies back against a wall, slumps to the floor.

Big Stan increases his screaming, his swinging, but a bullet hits him in the throat, and he flies backward off the counter. A pause. Absolute silence.

11 ANOTHER ANGLE 11

The baby-faced cop, moving low, comes into the pharmacy. His pistol at the ready, he holds a powerful flashlight in his other hand.

The flashlight's beam illuminates Big Stan's body, then, seconds later, shines on what's left of Burt's face. So careful, so cautious, the cop moves on.

12 ANGLE ON MAGGIE 12

who sits as she sat before, oblivious to the destruction around her. The baby-faced COP finds her, kneels down, sees the dilated pupils. He's surprised: it's a girl. She's zonked on drugs. Totally out of it. He hesitates then puts down his gun and gently removes her headset. She turns to him, unaware of who he is.

MAGGIE
I need it. Did you find any?

COP
(quiet; not knowing what she means)
No...

And Maggie puts a gun to his throat. One quick move. The Cop turns to stone. Doesn't even blink. A beat. Their eyes engage and then she BLOWS him away.

SMASH CUT TO:

13 INT. POLICE STATION BULLPEN - DAY 13

A mean-faced DETECTIVE waits in a room while two uniformed DETECTIVES bring Maggie in, wearing restraints. They stare at each other with mutual hatred. Another man (we will meet him more fully later), wears a business suit and sits in a corner taking copious notes on everything that takes place in the room.

DETECTIVE
Sit down.

She doesn't move.

DETECTIVE
Sit down you ugly bitch!

She looks at him and plops on the floor beside the chair. She couldn't care less.

DETECTIVE
Goddammit put her in the chair. You're not only ugly you're stupid too. You get smart with me I'll nip your face off.

He picks up a pencil.

DETECTIVE
Now then, what's your name?

MAGGIE
Maggie.

DETECTIVE
Full name.

MAGGIE
(defiant; rude)
Blow-Job. Maggie Blow-Job.

He slaps her so hard she's knocked out of her chair. She grins up at him. She's indomitable.

DETECTIVE
Okay -- grin away. We put your ass in the gas chamber, you'll lose that grin real quick.
(waves papers at her)
Killin' three cops, you think you won't get the gas?

MAGGIE
(back on the chair; the truth)
... uh, I only remember one.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

DETECTIVE
Yeah, sure...
(tosses her a form)
Fill this out, I don't have time for your shit.

MAGGIE
(all innocence)
Pencil?

He hands her a pencil. Maggie grabs it. Then, as the Detective turns his head for a moment, Maggie switches her grip on the pencil: holding it like a knife, she stabs it through the back of the Detective's hand.

My God she's fast.

The Detective screams. Cops grab Maggie. The notetaker looks suddenly very interested -- acts as if he's seen something important. He circles something on his pad several times. As the cops drag Maggie out, we --

SMASH CUT TO:

14 INT. COURTROOM - DAY 14

Some time has passed. Maggie's face is less white less sick-looking, as the drugs leave her system. She stares into space, humming to herself, tapping her foot, absolutely unconnected to the place or to her attorney, seated next to her. Immediately behind Maggie, armed guards watch her every move.

Then in the b.g. we again see the note-taker from the police station. He stands just inside the doorway, watching Maggie intently, taking copious notes.

The JUDGE, a female Hispanic in her late forties, begins to speak to Maggie. The instant the Judge starts to speak, though, Maggie begins to hum -- it's loud enough that the Judge's first words are obscured. Maggie's attorney takes Maggie's arm. Maggie stops humming.

JUDGE
(going right on; unperturbed)
... Having been found guilty of the crime of murder, it is the judgement of this court that you be sentenced to die by lethal injection.

Maggie's tapping hand moves faster. Beads of sweat appear on her upper lip.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 14

JUDGE
You are hereby remanded to the federal prison in Pleasanton where you will remain until your sentence is carried out.

Maggie erupts. In rage and panic she stands up, turns over the huge table in front of her, then throws a chair almost the length of the room.

MAGGIE
(screams it)
Motherfuckers!

She makes an amazing leap over the table. She doesn't really know where she's going, but she wants out. She scans the room for help.

MAGGIE
Motherfuckers!

The guards grab her, but, incredibly, the four men have trouble holding her. She breaks free, runs a few steps, then is tackled. Maggie fights on: she kicks, hits, bites. Tremendous strength. Almost animal-like. Truly impressive.

The note-taking man watches carefully. He can't resist a small, admiring smile. The guards handcuff Maggie and drag her out of the courtroom.

15 INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY 15

The guards drag Maggie down a long, just-polished corridor. She screams AD LIB, kicking, hitting, spitting. Wild. Non-stop. She's an animal now. Her strength is amazing.

16 INT. PRISON CELL - DAY 16

A hideous sight: Maggie, naked except for a white hospital smock, lies on her back on a table. A clamp on either side of her head holds her motionless. (Except for her eyes, which -- because she's terrified -- move rapidly in whatever direction there's noise or movement in the room).

An orderly flips a metal briefcase onto an empty table, then punches out a computer code. Snaps open the metal case.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

We see a syringe and two ampules of clear liquid. The orderly's hand prepares the dose.

MAGGIE
(thinks they're going to kill her)
What're you doin'? You can't do this without tellin' my mom.
(a beat)
Why ain't she here? Can't we wait a minute?
(stats to cry)
Mom'll come and get me if you just wait a little. I want my mom...

As the orderly starts to walk toward Maggie, she loses control of herself and voids her bladder. The orderly doesn't even react as he plunges the needle deep into the IV setup that connects to Maggie's arm.

MAGGIE
(like a child)
Mom? Mommie!

A bright white light floods the room...

17 INT. COMPOUND - MAGGIE'S ROOM (FIRST TIME) - DAY 17

Everything in the room is white: chairs, bed, table. Maggie lies in the white bed, the clothes in which she was arrested folded on a chair next to her. She wakes, tries to focus. Sits up. Looks around. A peephole in the door opens, an eye peers through, and a man enters and sits down next to Maggie's bed.

It is the note-taker we've seen before. His name is BOB. Somewhere in his thirties, he is a very attractive man. His clothes are dull Madison Avenue style and his haircut is regulation business world, but there is a sensuality about him that can't be hidden. When he speaks, we see that he is laconic -- rarely uses a word when he doesn't have to.

BOB
Hello. I'm Bob.

Maggie just stares at him, totally confused.

BOB
(though he knows it)
What's your name?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 17

MAGGIE
(cautious)
Maggie.

BOB
Maggie for 'Margaret'?

MAGGIE
(nods)
My mother's name, too...
(suddenly vulnerable)
Mister, what is this place?
Where am I?

BOB
(cool)
You're dead.

Maggie reacts. She flings the sheet wide, sits up wearing only a bra and pants. Bob has to force his eyes away from her.

He opens a file he carries. Hands Maggie a series of 8x10 black-and-white photographs. Maggie riffles through them uninterestedly -- they mean nothing to her.

BOB
It's your funeral.
(as she reacts)
You died Friday at 12:09. The prison doctor confirmed your suicide -- you slashed your wrists and throat. You're buried...
(finds a particular photo)
... here, Oakmont Cemetery, row 48, plot 12.

Maggie, amazed, her mouth slightly open, looks back and forth from the photos to Bob, then back again.

BOB
There's your father.

MAGGIE
(peers closely)
Daddy... and there's my friend Billy from ninth grade...
(looking carefully at photos)
Did Mom come?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2) 17

BOB
Uh, no...

Maggie tosses the photos away, suddenly uninterested.

MAGGIE
Why'd you kill me?

BOB
Let me tell you a story. Once upon a time there was a little girl who was smart and fast and tough. She and the world had a *run-in and the world won.* The girl got mad and got herself into a lot of trouble -- so much trouble she was within an inch of the gas chamber.
(a beat)
Then a man named Bob walked into her room, and...
(points to her)
... you finish the story.

MAGGIE
(at sea)
What?

BOB
Yeah -- you get to say how the story ends.
(a beat)
I work for some people -- hell, call them the government, and we can use you. It's a chance for you.

Maggie gives Bob a long, searching look. She's trying to read him, then her eye falls on the file Bob carries.

MAGGIE
Is that about me?
(as he nods)
Let me see it.

Bob hesitates, then hands it to her. Maggie registers this, then opens the file, reads a bit. Looks up.

MAGGIE
... you knew my name was Maggie.
(scans the papers)
You know a lot about me.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3) 17

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
(a beat; struggles with her own inarticulateness)
Umm... I mean, like you say you'll give me a chance, what do I gotta do for this chance?

BOB
(convincing)
Learn. Learn to brush your teeth. Learn to stand up straight. Take speech lessons. Take French. Ballet. Read.
(a beat; heavier)
Learn to fight.

MAGGIE
(suddenly weary)
What for? Why?

BOB
(very dry)
Let's say you're paying your debt to society.

MAGGIE
And what if I ain't interested?

BOB
(points to photo; cool as ice)
Row 48, plot 12.

MAGGIE
(though scared)
I ain't sweatin' it.
(a beat; holds her head with both hands)
Um... I'm still tweakin'... I mean, my head...
(a beat)
Can I think about it? At least for an hour?

Bob stares at her steadily, says, "In an hour, then," and exits.

As soon as Bob's FOOTSTEPS DIMINISH, Maggie lets her exhaustion show. She falls back onto the bed, pulling the sheet over her head.

18 INT. COMPOUND - MAGGIE'S HALLWAY - DAY 18

Bob opens the peep-hole and --

18A INT. COMPOUND - MAGGIE'S ROOM (FIRST TIME) FROM HIS POV - DAY 18A

we see Maggie, still asleep, the sheet over her.

18B BACK TO SCENE 18B

Bob smiles to himself -- there's something special about this one.

18C INT. COMPOUND - MAGGIE'S ROOM (FIRST TIME) - POV - DAY 18C

Bob opens the door, takes two steps into the room. WHAM! From behind the door, Maggie smashes a chair over his head.

MAGGIE
(screaming hostility)
Motherfucker!

Dressed again in her original clothes, Maggie throws what's left of the chair across the room. Such anger. Muttering, "You ain't tellin' me what to do," and "I got a surprise ending for your story," she moves to Bob, kicks him hard in the ribs.

19 INT. HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER 19

Maggie kicks open the door to her room, holding Bob hostage, his Walther PK pressed to his throat.

MAGGIE
Which way's out?

BOB
(smart enough to be nervous)
Straight ahead.

The two move down the hallway toward an open:

20 INT. COMPOUND - MAIN ROOM 20

Huge. 10,000 square feet. Overhead lights. Windows that look out onto more underground space. A shadow world of work. Old walls. Modern installation. Very hi-tech. People mill around.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 20

Work at various computer terminals. Eat. Exercise. Lots of activity.

Maggie drags Bob through the space, gun still poking at his carotid. She looks around at everything, confused, scared, vastly outnumbered:

MAGGIE
What is this place? Who're all these assholes?

BOB
Employees.

Then, as two men see the situation and start to move to help Bob, he holds up his hands, palms up, to stop them:

BOB
Nobody move. Everything's okay.

MAGGIE
(yelling it)
The hell it is!

She jabs at Bob's neck with his gun. Continues moving them toward an ancient metal elevator door. Looks hard at Bob, who's beginning a slight sweat:

MAGGIE
Open the door!

BOB
I can't.

MAGGIE
(half crazy)
Tell them to do it!

BOB
They won't.

MAGGIE
(desperate)
I'll blow your fucking brains out.

Security personnel get into crouch positions, cock their weapons:

BOB
(more frustrated than frightened)
They still won't.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2) 20

And Bob takes her by surprise. When the moment is right, he twists away from Maggie. He grabs for the gun, but, lightning-fast, she darts away. Now what?

Everybody stands frozen. Maggie's gun is trained on Bob, but four security guards have guns trained on her. What will Maggie do? One, two, three, four, five full beats of absolute silence pass. Then:

BOB
(to Maggie)
You're too smart to fight these odds.

And Maggie lowers the gun. She leans back against the elevator door, the gun cradled against her chest. Bob speaks softly to the employees.

BOB
Get back to your desks.

Slowly, they uncock their guns, holster them, and move back to the cavernous room.

And just behind Bob, in the b.g., Maggie -- desperate, half-crazy with anger -- turns the gun around, pointing it into her open mouth. Bob sees the gesture, runs at her just after she fires an empty chamber.

Bob wrenches the gun away from Maggie, knocking her down.

BOB
Rule one. Never load the first chamber.

Bob looks down at her for a beat, then coolly aims and FIRES a bullet through her thigh. Maggie screams, thrashes around.

BOB
Okay, Maggie-for-Margaret -- that oughta slow you down for a while.

21 INT. COMPOUND - MAGGIE'S HALLWAY - NEXT DAY 21

Bob opens the peephole, peers into it.

21A INT. COMPOUND - MAGGIE'S ROOM (FIRST TIME) - HIS POV - DAY 21A

We see Maggie sitting on her bed in her underwear, her thigh bandaged.

22 INT. COMPOUND - MAGGIE'S ROOM - ANOTHER ANGLE - DAY 22

The door opens and Bob enters (more carefully than last time). He stands in the middle of the room. His tone is confrontational -- and Maggie snaps right back at him.

BOB
So. What is it -- yes or no?

MAGGIE
What if I said I got a few questions first? That I gotta have more time?

BOB
(dead serious)
What if I said there is no more time.

MAGGIE
(flares up)
What if I said you can kiss my ass -- right in the crack.

BOB
(won't rise to the bait; neutral)
Okay, your crudeness -- your vulgarity -- we can deal with later.
(a beat; relentless)
Is it yes or no ?

And Maggie sighs, nods a resigned "Yes." Bob smiles a bit, opens her folder, takes out a form.

BOB
Good. Fill this out.

MAGGIE
(is this a touch of vulnerability?)
What if I can't hack it?

BOB
You'll make it.

Bob walks toward the door.

MAGGIE
(reverts; demanding)
Okay, but if if gotta do this shit I want some stuff: get me a Discman and some C.D.'s: Metallica and Alice In Chains and Nirvana.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 22

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
(beat)
And get me some Nina Simone albums.

Bob's eyebrows go up slightly: "Nina Simone?"

MAGGIE
Yeah, Nina Simone.
(a beat; louder)
I want some ice cream, too. Chocolate Revel.

Bob nods, writing it down.

23 INT. COMPOUND - COMPUTER AREA - DAY 23

Electronics area. Dark except for the tiny pools of halogen light. Rows of computer terminals. Several employees. Intent. Professional.

Maggie sits at one of the banks with her Asian INSTRUCTOR and her own computer.

COMPUTER INSTRUCTOR
(wants to begin at the beginning)
We'll start off with a simple program. This is just like a typewriter keyboard. Letters. Numbers...

Bored already. Maggie grabs a piece of equipment. Wants to play with it. Instructor tries to get her to wait. She's intent on her new toy:

COMPUTER INSTRUCTOR
Okay, then. This is a mouse. You use it to write, say, or draw with. It's got little rollers underneath to make it move. Roll it on the pad.

Maggie bangs the mouse on its pad, very rough, trying to get it to work.

COMPUTER INSTRUCTOR
(*soft-voiced*, hand over hers)
Easy. Not so hard.

She tries again. Bit gentler. Never taking her eyes off the image on screen. Instructor watches her.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

COMPUTER INSTRUCTOR
(pointing to image on screen)
Move the arrow up here... all the way up...

Maggie obeys. Gets the hang of it immediately.

COMPUTER INSTRUCTOR
Okay. Now click on this little square. Click twice.

She does it. On screen, the image changes. A cracked laugh comes out of her, but she remains stone-faced:

MAGGIE
Again.

24 INT. COMPOUND - TARGET RANGE - DAY 24

Same ancient building. Always well-lighted. And still another area. Indoor shooting range. Target lanes. Endless sound of GUNSHOTS.

Maggie shuffles onto the range. No expression. Goes directly to a table covered with guns.

FIREARMS INSTRUCTOR
(to Maggie)
These are the firearms we use here. This is a Beretta nine millimeter automatic. Fires twenty shots, max.

The man takes the Beretta, turns toward the target. The CAMERA STAYS ON the Instructor.

FIREARMS INSTRUCTOR
You won't actually use one for at least a month. For now, I just want you to observe the proper stance --

A hand holding another Beretta comes INTO the FRAME just above the Instructor's shoulder and FIRES several shots in rapid succession at the target.

The Instructor jumps back, wide-eyed. Maggie punches the target button which causes the target to return to them electronically along a track.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 24

Maggie isn't very interested in her score. She tosses the Beretta back onto the table as the Instructor eyes the perfect pattern in the target's chest.

FIREARMS INSTRUCTOR
(impressed)
You've used one of these before...

MAGGIE
(idly; no emotion)
Never on paper.

25 INT. COMPOUND - GYM - DAY 25

In progress, a karate class. The INSTRUCTOR executes a perfect move. Maggie sits at the side of the group, watching. Still uninvolved, still without energy.

At a distance, Bob watches her through a glass panel. Next to him, also watching Maggie intently, is AMANDA, a woman somewhere in her late 40s, early 50s. She is beautiful, very feminine and her eyes are humorous and intelligent. The Karate Instructor finishes with a male student, saying, "More relaxed next time." Then he turns to Maggie, snaps his fingers to indicate she should come to the mat.

MAGGIE
(so bored)
Can't. My leg hurts.

KARATE INSTRUCTOR
That's okay. We'll just do a reflex exercise.
(when she hesitates)
It'll be easy.

Maggie thinks about it for a moment. She simply doesn't like to do <u>anything</u> she's told to do. Then she shrugs, takes out her gum and sticks it carefully behind her ear. She rises, moves to the Instructor.

The Instructor goes through a quick series of pre-fight poses. Very fast. Intimidating. Maggie mirrors his pose with her own: she takes up a comic boxing stance -- posing like one of those moustachioed boxers from the turn of the century, her chin stuck out, her fists exaggeratedly high. She bounces around a bit, doing a comic shuffle with her feet. She's just amusing herself.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

KARATE INSTRUCTOR
(staring at her)
I've taken up my guard. Now you must try to hit my face.

WHAM! In an incredible move, Maggie hits the master right in the face, knocking him backward on the mat, off balance.

Bob sees it. Smiles. Shakes his head at Maggie's unbelievable ability.

A BUZZER SOUNDS, indicating the class is over. A bit dazed, the Instructor nods to Maggie. She nods back and takes off. The Karate Master stares after her. A first.

Some of the other students also stare after Maggie, but she shuffles out of the glassed-in gymnasium in her usual round-shouldered way -- oblivious to her impact.

26 OMITTED 26

27 INT. COMPOUND - AMANDA'S STAIRS - DAY 27

Maggie walks up a flight of marble stairs and into --

28 INT. COMPOUND - AMANDA'S APARTMENT - DAY 28

which is like walking into another world -- these rooms are panelled with rich dark wood, and furnished sparely, but exquisitely, with English antiques.

By a window stands Amanda, (the woman we earlier saw standing with Bob, watching Maggie).

When Amanda continues looking out the window, Maggie hesitates, then gives a low whistle. Amanda turns smiling toward her new student. When she sees the sloppy, bad-postured, gum-chewing young woman in front of her, the smile falters a bit, but then she regains it.

AMANDA
Always smile when you enter a room, dear -- it relaxes others, and it lifts the features of the face.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 28

Maggie and Amanda regard each other silently for a beat or two. Amanda circles Maggie, trying to assess the basic potential of this difficult case. She gently adjusts Maggie's bad posture, touches her waist beneath the shapeless clothes to see what Maggie's figure is like.

AMANDA
Do you know what 'Nature's first green is gold' means?
(she repeats)
Nature's first green is gold...?

Maggie just stares. The woman might as well be speaking Hindu.

AMANDA
It means that the best is first -- that youth is better than old age. You have the gift of youth. That is what we'll build on.

This beautiful, somehow mysterious woman makes Maggie feel awkward, defensive. She blows a huge bubble with her gum, then explodes it with her finger.

AMANDA
That's charming, my dear, but it doesn't address my point.
(points to a fully-equipped vanity)
Sit down.

Maggie drops down in front of the triple-mirrored vanity. Frowns. Doesn't like the way she looks. Amanda holds out a dainty ashtray.

AMANDA
(nice, but firm)
Put the gum here. Are you an ugly duckling or a swan?
(picks up a wig)
Because the choice is yours, you know.

She places the wig on Maggie's head. It helps -- but only a little.

AMANDA
Belief is half of being.

When Maggie just stares impassively at her, not understanding, Amanda laughs a bit.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2) 28

AMANDA
That's just a fancy way of saying, if you believe you're pretty, you will be pretty.

Maggie looks closely at herself in the mirror -- sees nothing pretty, and gives another of her harsh, staccato laughs.

AMANDA
You'll see.
(new topic)
What do you do when you're most uncomfortable? When you're angry or scared?

MAGGIE
I hit.

AMANDA
You might want to try smiling --
(brushes her fingertips along Maggie's cheek)
-- just smile a little smile and say something offhand. Doesn't even have to apply to the situation, really. Say...
(thinks)
... say, 'Oh, well, nothing's impossible if a woman wills it.'
(beat)
Can you give me a smile and say that?

Maggie tries to smile, but the corners of her mouth keep turning down instead: half pathetic, half comic.

AMANDA
(prompting)
'Oh, well, nothing's impossible...'

MAGGIE
(croaks it out)
'Oh, well, nothing's impossible if a woman wills it.'

Amanda sighs at the amount of work this student will take.

29 thru 32 OMITTED 29 thru 32

33 INT. COMPOUND - WEAPONS CLASS - DAY 33

In an empty room, a vanity table and mirror have been set up. On the table is a messy collection of what any high school girl might have on her vanity table: lipstick, perfume, brushes and combs, hairspray, hot curlers, a half-eaten sandwich on a saucer, a stemmed glass with a bit of orange juice still in it, etc.

Some twelve STUDENTS (both male and female) crowd around the table, listening to a FEMALE WEAPONS INSTRUCTOR speak.

WEAPONS INSTRUCTOR
Almost anything can be a weapon -- the world is full of them.
(beat)
What weapons can you find on this table?

MALE STUDENT
I'd use the ashtray -- hit 'em with the ashtray.

FEMALE STUDENT
Use the hairspray like mace? Spray somebody with it?

Suddenly two hands reach over the other students, grab a rat-tail comb and the juice glass. The Students part to reveal --

Maggie, holding the rat-tail comb like a knife. She hits the juice glass against the vanity table edge, knocks off the container part, and is left with the base of the glass, an evil-looking, jagged stem. She puts her fist around the base of the glass and -- presto -- has the equivalent of a glass ice-pick.

The other students are impressed.

WEAPONS INSTRUCTOR
(pleased)
There are weapons <u>everywhere</u>.

34 INT. SPEECH CLASS - ANOTHER DAY 34

Maggie, along with three other female students, walks back and forth on a two-foot-high stage; the young women all respond as Amanda calls out to them:

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 34

AMANDA
Shoulders back. Chin up, and don't look down as you walk.
(a beat)
Yes, better.

Maggie reads to the other students from a mimeographed sheet.

MAGGIE
(is her speech a tiny bit less uneducated?)
I lie down for a nap today. Yesterday I lay down for a nap.
(a beat)
If something unfortunate happens, I feel bad about it, not badly. Bad is an adjective. Remember to say 'It is a secret between her and me, not she and I...'

35 INT. COMPOUND - MAGGIE'S HALLWAY - DAY 35

As Bob heads toward Maggie's room, he hears the incredible NOISE of Maggie's MUSIC. He opens the door and a WALL OF SOUND hits him in the face. It's absolutely deafening. If there is a ten on a small record player, that's where Maggie has it turned.

SINGER (V.O.)
'... AND GIVE HIM BABIES,
ONE FOR EVERY YEAR,
'CAUSE YOU SEE
THAT I DON'T WANT HIM,
YOU CAN HAVE...'

36 INT. COMPOUND - MAGGIE'S ROOM (FIRST TIME) - DAY 36

Maggie lies on the bed in her underwear, eating a candy bar in huge bites. Bob enters, mimes to turn the damned thing down. Maggie does, though she doesn't turn it off.

BOB
You gotta keep it down in here. Everybody's complaining.
(a beat; irritated)
Why don't you use your headset? And who is that, anyway?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: 36

Maggie holds up an album with a black woman's photograph at a piano, and three-inch-high letters spelling out "NINA."

BOB
Who the hell's Nina?

MAGGIE
Nina Simone. She's great. You got 'em for me, remember?

BOB
Well, she's loud.
(he listens a moment; dubious)
She wants to make him breakfast?

MAGGIE
(sexy smile)
She's saying, 'Oh, baby, just come back and stick it in me twice a day and I'll do anything for yah -- I'll lick the goddamn ground you walk on.'

BOB
Why do you talk so dirty?

MAGGIE
Why do you talk so faggy?

Bob sighs, shuts OFF the MUSIC. He sits on the bed next to her. His interest is professional, yes -- but he could just as easily have sat on a chair. And he has trouble keeping his eyes off her legs.

BOB
How's it going?

MAGGIE
Oh man, I am majorly bored. I'm practically talkin' to myself and all type of stuff.

BOB
Well, your reports are excellent.

MAGGIE
Then gimme a little buzz -- my birthday's next week. Lemme go outside.

Bob shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2) 36

MAGGIE
Just for one night.

Bob shakes his head.

MAGGIE
You can have me followed.

Bob shakes his head.

MAGGIE
Oh, please.

BOB
I'm sorry, Maggie, I can't.

Maggie turns over, faces the wall. Bob lays a light hand on her leg. Likes it too much. Takes his hand away.

BOB
I know how you feel.

MAGGIE
Like hell you do.

BOB
I do. I was exactly where you are once.

A beat. Maggie turns around, surprised for the first time in the movie.

MAGGIE
You mean you were...?

BOB
(nods)
A recruit. Just like you.

Maggie grins.

BOB
And I hated it. Just like you.

Maggie laughs. Another first. Bob smiles, and the two have a moment of real closeness. She touches his hand.

MAGGIE
Then you understand. I feel stir-crazy. Let me just go out for a walk.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (3) 36

BOB
I wish I could...

Maggie's face closes down. Bob, glancing again at her thighs, doesn't notice -- doesn't see that she's now angry. He is drawn to this girl. And then -- just the tiniest bit -- he casts his business-like manner aside and asks Maggie a personal question.

BOB
Tell me a little about yourself.

MAGGIE
(sullen)
Why?

BOB
(not his real reason)
It helps us understand you.

MAGGIE
(more sullen)
Like, what do you want to know?

BOB
I don't know... what's the first thing you remember?

MAGGIE
I was three or four: Dad knocked Mom down. It was a big deal, you know? She was screamin' and all types of stuff. She yells to me, 'Run next door and get Mrs. Meremfield.' I did. The grass was cold.
(a beat; soft; intimate)
Now you: will you tell me something?

Bob nods.

MAGGIE
(even softer)
You'll tell me somethin' personal?

Bob nods again.

MAGGIE
Why d'you keep looking at my pussy all the time?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (4) 36

Bob's face freezes. He rises, walks to the door, says "I'll check on you next week," and exits. Maggie yells after him:

MAGGIE
I wanna go for a walk!

37 INT. COMPOUND - MAGGIE'S HALLWAY - DAY 37

Bob moves away from Maggie's door. On his fifth step he hears Nina Simone's voice blast out:

NINA SIMONE (WOMAN SINGER) (V.O.)
'... AND SPEND THE BALANCE OF THE DAY IN BED --
SO YOU SEE
THAT I DON'T WANT HIM..."

In spite of himself, Bob grins, shakes his head at the spirit of this girl.

38 EXT. TARGET RANGE - NEXT DAY 38

Maggie's face wears the same sullen expression that it had in the previous scene: if she can't even go for a walk, by God, she's damned if she'll play by their rules.

A disassembled semi-automatic weapon lies on a table in front of her. An instructor stands behind her, holding a stopwatch.

FIREARMS INSTRUCTOR
(pushing the watch)
Go!

Maggie grabs the barrel assembly. Shoots in the top slide assembly. Snaps on the collet assembly, which contacts the main frame, hammer and assembly and bullet primer.

Instructor smiles big at his prized student. Checks the watch. Record time. And --

Just as fast, Maggie stops, breaks down a moment, then, tears the gun back apart, tosses the pieces everywhere and takes off out of the range area.

39 INT. COMPOUND - CAFETERIA - DAY 39

Amanda and Maggie sit at an area of the cafeteria made up to simulate a restaurant.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: 39

Employees act as waiters. Table is set elegantly. Flowers. Antique linen cloth and napkins. Each is served baby quail with tiny potatoes, steamed vegetables and a glass of cabernet. A lesson in eating.

AMANDA
Eating should be graceful and yet natural. If you get a bone in your mouth, simply take it out with your fingers and put it on the edge of your plate. No fake middle-class delicacy. No hiding the bone behind a napkin. Let's begin.

Maggie's angry attitude from two days ago has held over. Still, she likes Amanda, and so she tries to eat the tiny quail. Impossible. The little bird slides maddeningly around her plate, and a few vegetables are pushed off onto the table.

Suddenly Maggie loses what little self control she has. She picks up her quail and slides all the meat off the bones with her hands. Sticks the moist pieces into her mouth. Wipes her fingers on the tablecloth for emphasis. Mashes the vegetables in both hands, puree oozing out between her fingers. Picks up the bottle of wine and takes a swig, letting wine spill over her throat. Takes a palmful of chocolate mousse and stuffs it into her mouth. Gets up from the table, knocking her chair over, and struts out. Pleased at the mess.

NEW ANGLE

We see that Bob has been watching. He is <u>not</u> happy.

40 OMITTED 40

41 INT. COMPOUND - GYM - DAY 41

The Karate Instructor has a male student standing on the mat with him, exhibiting particular blows and how to block them. (The rest of the class, including Maggie, watches.)

INSTRUCTOR
(touching his knee)
Most painful of all is the <u>knee</u>.
(a beat)
You break your back, everything goes numb.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 41

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
You break your neck, everything goes numb. You break your knee...
(looks skyward)
... the worst pain of all.

He demonstrates: he turns his foot sideways, pantomimes kicking the student's knee. Then he does the pantomime again.

INSTRUCTOR
The knee does not bend backwards.
(enjoys his work)
Crunch. They go down. Very fast.

He nods to the student, who sits down. The Instructor snaps his fingers at Maggie, who slouches, expressionless between two large male students. He indicates she should join him on the mat. Maggie looks from side to side: me?

Finally, Maggie gets up from her tangle of legs and before she's ready, the Instructor throws her onto her back. Retribution for her earlier win.

Pinned under the Instructor, furious, Maggie bites his ear. Hard. Instructor screams, crawls away from her. As he does so, Maggie jumps up, kicks him in the stomach. Happy, full of herself, she improvises her own wild, triumphant dance.

42 BEHIND GLASS PARTITION 42

Bob watches Maggie's dance. He does not react with his usual smile. He is worried about her.

43 INT. COMPOUND - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY 43

The office is impressive in size and decoration. But the most surprising thing in the office is the director himself: KAUFMAN is a few years younger than Bob, is completely in Armani, and looks more like a character from "Thirty Something" than what he is. Still, just beneath his smiling, easy demeanor is the steely determination of a man who has climbed high relatively quickly. And he's smart as hell. Two other men (one of them huge) sit off to one side. They do not speak, and no one takes notice of them. Kaufman glances up, smiling.

43 CONTINUED: 43

KAUFMAN
Hear the one about the woman went on a fishing trip with seven guys?
(a beat)
She came back with a big red snapper.
(Bob smiles a bit)
That's funny -- but it's sexist. Can't tell that to a woman. I tried it on Marianne, she was pissed at me all night.

Kaufman sighs, holds up the report, waves it in the air.

KAUFMAN
You've done better, Bobby.

BOB
I know. She's a pain in the ass, but I think I can bring her around. I like her potential.

KAUFMAN
(Groucho Marx eyebrows; a grin)
Yeah, I like her potential, too. Might-y nice potential.

KAUFMAN
So?

BOB
(confused)
So?

KAUFMAN
So: 'bottom line' me about this girl.

BOB
We need a terrific female Operative -- a young one. I think she's it. Any good Op takes a couple of years to train. In her case --

KAUFMAN
(still the smile)
Six months.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2) 43

KAUFMAN (CONT'D)
(as Bob reacts)
That's right -- six months. And more than that, I want to see improvement in her. I mean, enough with this shit: she kicks, she bites, she throws food.
(a beat)
So. You got it?
(ticks them off on fingers)
A, I give you six months with her, and B, I want immediate improvement or she gets a bullet in the brain.
(speaks Spanish for no particular reason)
Entiende?

44 INT. COMPOUND - MAGGIE'S ROOM (REPAINT) - NIGHT 44

Maggie's rebellion has spread: she's covered every inch of her walls with garish green and yellow and orange paint. And the place is no longer tidy -- she's trashed it. Again in her underwear, Maggie watches a sitcom rerun while simultaneously listening to "ALICE IN CHAINS" on her headset. (The MUSIC is so LOUD that it BLEEDS out of the earphones.)

Bob walks in, and we see that, on the outside of her door, Maggie has painted "NO VISITORS" in foot-high letters. Maggie sees from Bob's expression that something is up, and she takes off her earphones.

BOB
Ask me why I'm so serious.

MAGGIE
(lost)
Why are you so serious?

BOB
Because I've got serious stuff to say to you, Maggie-for-Margaret.
(a beat)
But first the good stuff.

Leaving Maggie bewildered, he exits, returns immediately with a small cake with a single candle burning. Maggie is delighted, touched. She sits up, thanking Bob profusely.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 44

She blows out the candle, looks up at him, her face shining.

She's very appealing.

Bob says, "Happy Birthday, Maggie," and tilts her chin up a bit. Then he leans down and kisses her. It's a soft kiss, but Bob's breath is a little uneven when he pulls away.

BOB
Now the bad stuff: Kaufman has drawn a line in the sand. He won't take any more shit from you. He's given you six months from right now. Period.
(a beat)
I hope this is going in. I hope you're hearing me, Maggie, 'cause I tell you true: this thing is out of my hands now.

He says "Happy Birthday" again, and exits.

Maggie has heard. She's thinking hard.

45 INT. COMPOUND - AMANDA'S STAIRS - DAY 45

Maggie waits by the stairs. She straightens as Amanda approaches. Amanda is surprised to see her -- obviously this isn't a scheduled class. She stops, waits to see what Maggie wants. Maggie puts everything she's got into four words:

MAGGIE
Will you help me?

AMANDA
But of course. Come upstairs. All you need is balance: some moon to go with your sun, a bit of the poet to balance the warrior. We have to find your feminine strength...

As Amanda talks, she leads Maggie up the stairs. We watch as Maggie's head, then body, then legs, then feet disappear off the top of the SCREEN.

TIME LAPSE TO:

46 INT. COMPOUND - AMANDA'S STAIRS - NIGHT 46

Maggie reappears in the reverse manner to which we saw her disappear: first we see her high-heeled feet and sleek legs as they come down the steps. Then her body, a knockout in a plain black dress and very short jacket that are made of some soft, clinging material, and finally her face, which is drop dead gorgeous.

Jesus, what a transformation: Maggie is Cinderella ready for the ball.

The hair is the same color, but it shines with highlights. The face is the same, but framed by a flattering hairstyle and complemented by makeup, she's beautiful. The walk has the same power, but now her posture is better, and there is a new gracefulness in her movements. In all, she's a stunner.

From above we hear Amanda's voice.

AMANDA (O.S.)
Don't you want to carry your shawl?

MAGGIE
Oh, surely not just for a dinner lesson?

Maggie's voice has changed, too: pitched a bit lower, her speech is now cultivated, her grammar perfect. Amanda comes down the stairs carrying a black cashmere shawl.

AMANDA
What's worth doing...

MAGGIE AND AMANDA
(simultaneously, through laughter)
... is worth doing well.

When Maggie laughs, we see the results of the bleaching the dentist performed -- her teeth gleam whitely.

MAGGIE
I think you've mentioned that before.

AMANDA
(in French)
It took you long enough to learn it, my dear.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 46

MAGGIE
(in French, except for "tattooed")
I once thought I'd have it tattooed on my arm.

Maggie takes the shawl, and the two women press each other's hands: they like each other. Then Maggie glances at her watch.

MAGGIE
I've got ten minutes. I'm going to do a little work...

47 INT. COMPOUND - COMPUTER AREA - NIGHT 47

Maggie works at a computer. She's fast, expert. As she works diligently, Bob appears. His eyes take in Maggie, and his lips form a soundless, appreciative whistle.

BOB
You look... beautiful.

MAGGIE
(smiles, but doesn't look up; continues typing)
Then why do I have to have another dinner lesson after six months? You think I'll revert and start putting my feet up on the table again?

BOB
(puts on an overcoat)
I thought we'd have our dinner...
(a beat)
... out.

Maggie spins around to look at him. He nods. Then she wheels to look at Amanda, her face saying, "Did you know?" Amanda smiles and holds out the cashmere shawl. Thrilled, Maggie stands up, reaches for the shawl.

48 OMITTED 48

49 INT. COMPOUND - ELEVATOR & PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT 49

Opens up onto a narrow cement passageway. Bob leads Maggie through it while --

50 INT. COMPOUND - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT 50

Their exit is being both recorded and watched from behind glass by a guard. Bob waves to the guard, who waves back. And then final door to the outside is electronically opened for them.

51 EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT 51

Bob exits the building. Maggie hesitates, then, for the first time in six months she steps outside. The lighted Capitol Building, seen in the distance, lets us know that we are in Washington, D.C. What interests Maggie, though, isn't the Capitol Building -- she's transfixed by the beauty of the night: the streets are wet from a recent rain, and a mist hangs in the air, causing streetlights to glow like giant candles. Maggie takes a deep breath, touches her fingertips to the center of her chest, then takes another deep breath.

Though she doesn't say a word, her face is eloquent. She smiles, takes Bob's arm, and they move toward a dark-colored, anonymous car.

52 INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT 52

In violent contrast to the sparseness of Maggie's school, the restaurant is overdone, but impressive, with lots of gold-leaf and blood-red velvet walls. A maitre d' seats them, and a WAITER instantly approaches.

WAITER
Would you like to see the wine list?

BOB
(eyes never leaving Maggie)
We'd like a bottle of the la Tour Batard Montrachet.

The Waiter nods and moves away. Maggie is ecstatic, can't get enough of looking around, of being out. She notices Bob's eyes on her, and takes his hand. She's like a little girl on Christmas morning.

MAGGIE
Thank you, Bob.

Bob moves the centerpiece, reaches under the table, brings out a gift-wrapped box. Maggie's face grows even brighter: it is Christmas morning. She hugs the box for a moment, then starts to open it.

52 CONTINUED: 52

The Waiter approaches with the wine, Bob's face grows serious.

BOB
Wait.

Maggie waits impatiently as the Waiter opens the wine, pours a taste for Bob. Bob doesn't taste, simply signals the man to pour. He does, then disappears. Bob picks up his glass, dead serious.

BOB
More than you can possibly imagine, I wish you every good thing.

Maggie takes a quick sip, and then, excited, tears the wrapping off her present. Inside, a handsome walnut box. So eager, she opens the lid. And --

53 INSIDE 53

An enormous silver handgun with an extra clip of bullets, surrounded by more blood-red velvet.

Maggie is at sea. Begins to be scared.

BOB
It's loaded.

MAGGIE
I don't get it.

BOB
(a monotone)
There are three people behind you. A woman, and two men in suits. The guy on the right is the V.I.P., the one on the left is his bodyguard. Kill the V.I.P. Use two bullets on him, minimum. Then, go to the men's room. At the last stall, there's a small window your size. It opens onto a courtyard. A corridor leads to the street. A car's...
(checks his watch)
... already waiting for you there.

Maggie's listening intently, but on the verge of tears. The shock is almost too much for her.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

BOB
You've got three minutes.
(smiles naturally,
pats his mouth with
napkin)
Please wait until I leave.

Pushes his chair out, gets up to leave, smiling as he goes.

Maggie's suddenly alone. Stunned. Sits frozen for a moment. Then steels herself. She reopens the beautiful box, hides the extra clip in her bra. Pulls out the gun, looks around casually, quickly pulls off her shoes, cocks the gun, then stands up --

As she turns, just behind her, a man, deep in conversation with a seductive woman and their bodyguard, who relaxes a bit at the table.

Before anyone can react, Maggie aims and FIRES TWO BLASTS, killing, as ordered. Direct hits.

The VIP is hit in the head and heart. He slumps forward, pressed tight over his appetizer.

Maggie pivots, holding her gun at arm's length.

The bodyguard draws his own .22 but Maggie SNIPES him in the head. Christ, she's fast.

People in the restaurant scream in fear. Hide under their tables. Run for cover. Total chaos.

Maggie pivots once more and takes off, barefooted, toward the men's room. Passes her own shoes, left on the polished wood floor.

Through heavy revolving doors, several guards rush in, automatic weapons in hand, passing the dead bodies, moving fast down the center aisle.

54 INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT 54

Maggie, breathing hard, moves to the last stall. Just above, a glass window. Relieved, she reaches up to open it and just behind the glass facade --

It's bricked in. No opening. Maggie stunned. She breaks down, pounding the brick with her small, muscled arms.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: 54

Panicked, Maggie races for the door. A big man with a big gun bangs through the door. Maggie slides to a stop. Confused, her escape plan shattered, she turns and runs back toward the stall.

The man is momentarily confused. He lowers his gun a few inches, Maggie SHOOTS backward TWICE under her arm, through her short jacket. One of her bullets hits the man in the chest, killing him. Reflexively, he gets off a SHOT that nicks Maggie's shoulder.

Maggie races back to the door of the men's room, stepping over the man's body. She listens: it's quiet outside. She rips off her short jacket, holds her gun with both hands and grits her teeth -- okay, her face says, <u>now or never</u>. She bursts through the door --

55 thru 57 OMITTED 55 thru 57

58 INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 58

Maggie walks, gun at her side, fast but inconspicuously as she can through the white-tiled, chrome and steel kitchen. All at once SHOTS fly past her. She ducks, FIRING BACK SEVERAL ROUNDS, as she keeps moving, looking desperately for protection finally behind a --

59 STAINLESS STEEL COUNTER 59

Maggie stays low, blocking GUNSHOT SPRAY and lethal pieces of ceramic tile with her hands, as kitchen workers scream and flee.

60 INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - HALL OUTSIDE KITCHEN - NIGHT 60

More guards with automatic weapons wait as backup, while in --

61 INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 61

Three guards hit the stainless steel counter with a FUSILLADE BLAST. And from --

62 BEHIND STEEL COUNTER 62

Maggie rolls over onto her stomach, FIRING a perfect hit into one guard's heart.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: 62

A SECOND SHOT cracks off a lethal piece of exploding tile, hitting another guard in the head. Second deadly hit. Maggie rolls back. Huddles against an industrial Wolf stove, while in --

63 ANOTHER ANGLE 63

Still ANOTHER BLAST of MACHINE GUNFIRE is concentrated at her. Boxes of dried pasta are shot open, flying over Maggie's head. POTS are BLASTED apart, food gushes onto the floor. Maggie pulls the extra clip out of her dress. Pushes it into the heavy gun. Waits. Then, stands up, IN VIEW and FIRES back. Wounds a third guard. Drops down again, OUT OF VIEW, behind the counter. Silence. Waits.

64 ANOTHER ANGLE 64

Guard lies on the floor, checking his wound. And, just on the other side of --

65 STEEL COUNTER 65

Maggie pulls out her clip. Lays the gun down. Grabs onto the stove's oven door. Moves the length of the space in a squat. From --

66 KITCHEN 66

Maggie can hear the guard who's hit call for backup.

WOUNDED GUARD (O.S.)
Jose!

And from...

67 INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - HALL OUTSIDE KITCHEN - NIGHT 67

Jose, a 250-pound hit man, plunges a rocket of steel into a launcher. Metal against metal. Jesus, this thing will level the entire room. Jose checks the kitchen. Quick. Head only. Ducks back out. Then he checks again, while --

68 BEHIND STEEL COUNTER 68

Maggie listens to the silence. Terrified. She pants as if she's run ten miles. She knows something big's going to happen and --

69 ANOTHER ANGLE 69

Jose makes his move. SHOOTS a ROCKET of fire out his launcher, as --

70 MAGGIE 70

dives into a well-like chute, her only way out, the ball of flame whirling just behind her. Barely out of reach. And --

71 INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT 71

Maggie falls head first out of the chute into a large portable laundry basket. She fights her way out, and heads for a doorway leading --

72 EXT. FRENCH RESTAURANT (RAIN) - NIGHT 72

The rain is back. Maggie bursts out the door, barefoot, and runs off into the rain. Off in the distance, above the buildings in the immediate neighborhood, we see the Washington Monument. As she PASSES the CAMERA, she gives one terrible howl of rage. Scary.

73 EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT 73

Two SECURITY TYPES talk desultorily as Maggie runs past their station.

SECURITY GUARD
(moving after her)
Hey! Stop! Hold it!

Way ahead, Maggie doesn't stop until she runs into the glass booth at the elevator. Slams the glass hard with the palms of her hands.

MAN INSIDE the BOOTH is surprised. No recognition. Immediately picks up a phone, as the --

Security Guard catches up with her. Maggie kicks him in the face with her foot -- lays him out cold flat on his back with a single, sure move.

MAN IN BOOTH
(on the phone)
We got a problem out here.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: 73

MAGGIE
(out of control; beating on the glass; her scream would wake the dead)
OPEN! THIS! DOOR!

The Man in the Booth gets a command over the phone. He nods, and the steel door slides open.

74 INT. COMPOUND - MAGGIE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT 74

Trembling with rage, white-faced, Maggie stalks toward her room. She reaches it, kicks open the door.

75 INT. COMPOUND - MAGGIE'S ROOM (3RD TIME) - NIGHT 75

The room has changed as much as Maggie, and is decorated beautifully and with great simplicity. Bob sits on a Shaker chair listening to one of Maggie's records: NINA SIMONE sings a soft "Black Is The Color Of My True Love's Hair" (which plays throughout scene).

Maggie approaches Bob's chair, stands over him, her voice quavering.

MAGGIE
It was bricked in, Bob! The window was all bricked in!

BOB
(solemn)
Of course it was.

Maggie takes this in, then hits Bob with a round-house, stiff-armed swing -- hits him so hard that she knocks him off the chair. Dives on him, pulling his hair.

MAGGIE
Bastard! Son of a bitch! Monster!

BOB
(covering his head)
Stop it!
(struggling with her)
It's over! You get out tomorrow!
(moving on top of her)
You get out tomorrow! You... get... out... tomorrow!!!

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: 75

Finally hearing him, she stops fighting. Bob stares down at her. Close. A moment, then he picks himself up off of her body.

BOB
We have to do this sort of exercise. These are the rules. We can't let anyone go until we're one hundred percent sure. This was your last test.

Maggie sits up, still on the floor, hugging her legs to herself:

BOB
You did a good job tonight, Maggie. You've been my best student. And fastest too -- only six months.
(flat, but he's hurting)
I'll miss you.

Bob moves to the door, opens it, and looks back. Slowly, Maggie gets up and moves to him. She puts her hand on the back of his head and pulls it down, kissing him on the mouth. This is not like the simple birthday kiss the two exchanged before -- this is a busy, complicated, truly sensual kiss. Maggie pulls away. Bob is <u>rocked</u>.

MAGGIE
I'll never kiss you again.

And, slowly, she closes the door on Bob's shaken face.

76 *INT. COMPOUND - MAGGIE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT* 76

Bob looks like a man who's just been given a glimpse of heaven, only to be told it's not for him.

77 INT. COMPOUND - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY 77

Maggie and Bob stand in front of an Armanied Kaufman, who sits at his desk, reading Maggie's file. (Again the two men we saw before sit off to the side, unnoticed). Impatient, Bob sits down.

KAUFMAN
What level of operation is she ready for?

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: 77

BOB
S-1.

KAUFMAN
(neutral)
Ambitious as ever, huh?

Bob doesn't answer. As Maggie starts to take a seat.

KAUFMAN
(without looking at her)
Don't sit down.

Maggie remains standing, a roll of personal belongings in her arms.

Kaufman signs a finished document, and closes Maggie's folder. Finally looks up at Bob:

KAUFMAN
(to Bob)
Four months set-up time. No more. I want her for September.
(to Maggie; a chilly smile)
Woman goes into a bar with a chicken, sits down, orders two beers. Bartender says, 'What're you doing in a bar with a pig?' Woman says, 'That's not a pig' -- bartender says, 'I was talking to the chicken.'
(half-second beat; exact same smile)
I think you're dangerous -- a loose cannon. If it'd been up to me, we'd have put you down. So don't make any mistakes. 'Cause I'm telling you, you cross on a red light and you're worm bait. Entiende?

Maggie nods, her face opaque.

78 EXT. COMPOUND COURTYARD - DAY 78

From where she stands, Maggie can hear TRAFFIC noises. She cranes her head, eager, but can see nothing of the outside world. Bob hands her a series of envelopes.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: 78

BOB
You're Claudia Doran.
(another envelope)
You're from Chicago. You live in Venice, California.
(another envelope)
You're a troubleshooter for SuperMac -- you travel a lot.
(another envelope)
Passport, driver's license, birth certificate.
(another envelope)
And some cash to buy yourself a car.

Bob takes a pause. This is a big moment for Maggie, but it's hard as hell on Bob, too. He manages to keep his face neutral.

BOB
Your code name is... Nina.

MAGGIE
(small smile)
As in Nina Simone?

There is a beat. Well, then. This is it.

BOB
Good luck.

MAGGIE
I'm scared.

BOB
That'll be the day.

They look at each other. Before his face can betray him, Bob spins around, walks away.

79 EXT. COMPOUND - DAY 79

Maggie stands at the doorway of the building we saw before. She's free. But, for just a moment, she's paralyzed by choice. She looks to the right, then the left, then the right again. Then she chooses, walks to the right.

80 EXT. WASHINGTON, DC STREET - DAY 80

Carrying two suitcases, Maggie merges with the NOISE and bustle of the street, heading for a cab stand.

SMASH CUT TO:

81 EXT. VENICE BEACH - DUSK 81

And we are in a different world. The beach is mostly deserted, and Maggie stands watching the sun begin to set. The waves lap at her feet. The GULLS SHRIEK above her. Her face shines with pleasure.

82 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY 82

The place is pretty awful: stained wallpaper, cheap, soiled carpeting, and grimy windows. Still, the place is sunny, and, more important -- there is the soothing sound of WAVES BREAKING on the shore nearby. Maggie moves to the window, peers out, but no -- no ocean view. The predominant view is of a two-story building on which hangs a sign proclaiming "EASTMAN'S CLOTHING" in three foot high neon letters which flash off and on.

Maggie turns to the apartment house manager (whom we'll meet more fully in a few scenes). We see by the look on the man's face that he is surprised by the ease with which he's rented this dog apartment.

MAGGIE
I'll take it.

83 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 83

Her still-unpacked bags nearby, Maggie sits on a tiny windowseat at her living room window -- she's luxuriating in the solitude. She smokes a cigarette, listens to the SURF and the GULLS.

All the while, over her shoulder, we see "EASTMAN'S CLOTHING" (then darkness as the sign blinks off), EASTMAN'S CLOTHING" (darkness), "EASTMAN'S CLOTHING."

84 SAME SCENE - DAWN 84

Maggie sits as she sat before. The "EASTMAN'S CLOTHING" sign is fainter now against the lightening sky. For the first time in the movie, Maggie's face is peaceful.

85 INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY 85

A paint-spattered Maggie pushes an empty cart past bounteous produce bins. So many choices. What the hell should she buy?

She passes cereals, spices, meat, milk, cookies -- her cart is still empty.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: 85

Suddenly, she sees a woman take a can of ravioli. Okay, good idea -- Maggie will copy her. Into Maggie's cart go ten cans of ravioli. Then she turns and races after the woman.

And in a SERIES of COMIC CUTS, we see Maggie racing after the woman, buying ten or fifteen of whatever the woman buys. The woman buys a frozen dinner -- great, Maggie buys ten. It's easier than choosing. Maggie's cart is piled high.

86 INT. SUPERMARKET - LATER 86

Maggie wheels her high-piled cart up to the checkout area. Immediately behind her, carrying a handbasket, comes the man from whom she rented the apartment. They see each other, smile and nod.

Now that we get a longer look at the man, whose name is J.P. we see that he is flat out handsome (without being too handsome.) A few years older than Maggie, he wears shorts and a T-shirt, and looks good enough that her eye is snagged -- she has a little trouble looking away.

As Maggie starts to pile her groceries onto the checkout stand, a TV dinner slithers out of her hands. As she bends over to pick it up, four or five cans she's holding in one arm fall and roll off in every direction.

J.P. puts down his basket, moves to help Maggie. He retrieves one can.

J.P.
Here's your ravioli.
(gets two more cans; glances at them)
And your ravioli.
(another can)
... and your ravioli.
(gets one last can from fifteen feet away; big smile)
... and, hey -- some ravioli.

MAGGIE
(smiles back)
Thanks.

By this time, the checkout girl is waiting impatiently for Maggie's groceries. J.P. quickly helps Maggie unload the pile of groceries. He holds up a pastry box with the weird name of "Little Debbie Swiss Treats." He makes a small, funny face.

86 CONTINUED: 86

J.P.
Little Debbie Swiss Treats? Sounds nutritious.
(as Maggie doesn't respond at all)
Sorry. Guess it's a little embarrassing to have strangers pawing through your food.

MAGGIE
(no particular emphasis; just factual)
I don't get embarrassed.

J.P.
(a pause)
What d'you mean?

MAGGIE
(shrugs)
... Just nothing embarrasses me.

J.P.
(another pause as he takes this in)
You mean ever?

Maggie shakes her head. It's obvious she's telling the truth. J.P.'s impressed.

J.P.
Hey, <u>great</u>: maybe you'll teach me that trick.

He studies Maggie. She looks better and better to him.

J.P.
Where you from?

Maggie stops with the groceries, her face goes blank. <u>Where</u> the hell did Bob tell her she was from? There is a longish pause. Then:

J.P.
(a grin)
It's not a trick question.

Then Maggie's memory kicks in.

MAGGIE
Chicago.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2) 86

J.P.
(points to his chest)
Denver.
(a beat)
Well, I know you're from Chicago and that you like ravioli. It's a start.

The checkout girl finishes with Maggie's groceries. Maggie pays but doesn't take her bags and leave. Instead, she eyes J.P. steadily. He looks good to her -- and the school evidently hasn't removed all her rough edges, because when she speaks, she's blunt to the point of rudeness:

MAGGIE
How does somebody get to know you better?

J.P. takes a beat, then laughs. He's very charming. We like him.

J.P.
For you, it'd be like falling off a log.

MAGGIE
Then have dinner with me. Tonight.

J.P.
(a little surprised at the rapidity)
Ah, okay.
(a beat)
Let me guess...

MAGGIE
(more or less together, smiling)
... ravioli, yes.

J.P.
... ravioli.

MAGGIE
Six thirty.

J.P.
Midwest girls like to eat early.
(grins)
It's a deal.

87 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 87

A makeshift table (consisting of a board on two paint cans) paper plates, plastic glasses and spoons make up the dining arrangements, but Maggie and J.P. seem to be having a good time with their ravioli, salad and wine.

J.P.
... so all I have to do is show any apartment that's vacant, change an occasional light bulb, and collect the rent checks once a month -- for that I get half off on my rent. Mostly what I do is work on my portfolio. I'm a photographer...

We see this is important to him.

J.P.
... a good one. I've sold to the Weston Gallery and Levinson's. I'm out all day every day running around...

Maggie isn't really listening to him. She eyes him with a particular intensity. J.P. notices, trails off. Maggie has been eating with the exaggerated manners taught her by Amanda. Suddenly, though, she shrugs oh-the-hell-with-it, and crams the last six or eight raviolis into her mouth all at once.

J.P.
You really like ravioli, huh?

Instead of answering, Maggie sees there's one ravioli remaining on her plate. She takes the plate, crawls around the makeshift table to where J.P. sits on the floor. Dead silence: very sexually charged. Maggie puts the last ravioli partly in her mouth, holding it delicately in her lips. Then she leans toward J.P. Well, J.P.'s no fool -- he leans forward, and the two of them slowly eat the ravioli until their lips meet.

It's quite a kiss -- a mixture of heat and tongues and tomato sauce. When they break for breath:

J.P.
(a touch awkward, but game)
Well, usually I make the first move, but this is nice, too.

MAGGIE
Sh-h.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: 87

Tomato sauce has spilled from the plate onto J.P.'s T-shirt. Maggie pulls the T-shirt over his head.

MAGGIE
(a whisper)
Lie back.

Well, this is different, but J.P. likes it. He lies back. Maggie crawls on top of him and plants a kiss on him that would arouse a dead man. J.P. gives a muffled sound of pleasure.

It's been two years since Maggie has touched anyone and she's damned well making up for lost time.

What's happening to J.P. is a fantasy that every man has had: a beautiful woman is so hot for him that she's practically ripping off his clothes.

J.P.'s grin is enormous.

Maggie, on her knees on the bed, unbuttons the top button of his jeans. Z-Z-Z-R-R-P, goes his zipper, speaks.

J.P. does, and Maggie pulls off his jeans. She takes her own blouse and shorts off in two swift movements, and puts her body full-length against his.

J.P.
(his grin even wider)
Je-sus.

Maggie's hands are everywhere. She runs the tip of her tongue from J.P.'s waist to his neck, then fastens her mouth hungrily onto his.

J.P. recovers from his surprise, starts to take an equal part in the lovemaking -- it's fast and hard and hot and sexy.

88 OMITTED 88

89 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY (NEXT MORNING) 89

Maggie and J.P. lie in a rat's nest of sheets. J.P. opens his eyes, stirs. Maggie wakes too. He puts his arm around her.

J.P.
(sleepy)
What's your name?

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: 89

MAGGIE
(through a yawn)
Claudia.

J.P.
I'm J.P.

J.P. puts a hand under the sheet, runs it down to the very center of Maggie's body. Her eyes shut with pleasure. J.P. rolls on top of her, and their love-making starts again.

90A INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 90A

We see Maggie and J.P. painting the rest of her apartment. Lots of laughter between them.

90B EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY 90B

We see Maggie in the ocean, diving into waves, laughing. J.P. stands near her, waist deep, taking photographs of her.

90C OMITTED 90C

90D INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY 90D

We see Maggie sitting in her windowseat, watching the rain. She's blue. NINA SIMONE'S "Wild Is The Wind" PLAYS SOFTLY. In the b.g., J.P. frames a small photo of Maggie.

90E INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY 90E

We see Maggie and J.P., happy, moving J.P.'s things out out of his apartment into hers. (Some time has passed: J.P.'s hair is longer and Maggie wears clothes we haven't seen before.)

90F OMITTED 90F

91 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY (FOUR MONTHS LATER) 91

The apartment has changed considerably for the better: the new paint, new carpeting, and comfortable furniture make the place attractive -- even charming.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: 91

One wall is covered -- covered floor to ceiling -- with photographs that J.P. has taken. At least half are of Maggie. Some are framed, others not. One photo of her stands out: it's a 15x24 inch headshot we recognize as having been taken on the day Maggie and J.P. were in the ocean.

It's a fabulous photo: the sun shining behind Maggie's head gives the effect of an aura. She looks up and away, toward something out of the camera's range, and she is smiling. A killer photograph.

This is a lazy Saturday morning. While J.P. works at making a tiny, intricate collage of photographs, Maggie reads the newspaper. After a few or two, J.P. pushes the collage away.

J.P.
God, this is hard.

MAGGIE
(abstracted; hidden behind the paper)
Shut up and finish it.

J.P.
Hard as hell.

MAGGIE
(as above)
Shut up and finish it.

J.P.
(a beat)
Wanna get a hamburger tonight? Go to a movie?

MAGGIE
(still behind the paper)
Shut up and finish it.

J.P.
It's your turn to cook.

MAGGIE
(lowers the paper; grins)
A burger sounds great.

J.P. smiles, moves to stand behind her chair. He tilts her head back, kisses her upside down.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (2) 91

J.P.
Wanna ask Ned and Karen to go along?

As Maggie shrugs, J.P. suddenly remembers:

J.P.
Oh, shit -- I've gotta pick up cleaning.

He moves to the closet, taking out a pair of corduroys and two shirts from a laundry basket.

J.P.
You got anything to go?
(as Maggie shakes her head no)
Sweaters? Work clothes?

Again Maggie shakes her head "no." J.P.'s attention is caught by two business suits of Maggie's. He runs his hands over them.

J.P.
How come you never take these to the cleaners?

MAGGIE
(half-second delay)
They take care of that.

J.P.
Who?

MAGGIE
(lying)
Them. The company.

J.P.
(impressed)
Some union.
(a beat)
You don't really like Ned and Karen much, do you?

MAGGIE
They're okay.

J.P.
So, why don't you ask somebody?

MAGGIE
Who?

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (3) 91

J.P.
A friend. You know? A buddy? Somebody you like to hang around with?
(as he realizes)
You've never had one person to this apartment in four months. You know that? Not one.

MAGGIE
(to avoid the subject, she burlesques passion)
Because I love only you.

J.P. moves to sit beside her.

J.P.
You are so...
(searches)
... guarded.

MAGGIE
I'm not guarded, J.P.

J.P.
Yeah, you are. It's like living with a ghost. You never tell me anything.

MAGGIE
(big smile; trying to keep it light)
What d'you want to know?

J.P.
I don't know -- I want to know what your fifth-grade teacher was like. I want to know if you had pimples in high school.. I want to meet your friends from work...
(his eye falls on her CDs and records; more specific)
... I want to know why you listen to Nina Simone whenever you're in a bad mood.

There is a pause. Maggie hesitates. She feels the need to hide so strongly that giving any information about herself feels dangerous. J.P. studies her, sees that she isn't going to open up. He's offended. No, he's more than offended -- he's hurt.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (4) 91

J.P.
You know what I say? I say you can go to hell.

J.P. goes into the bedroom, shuts the door.

92 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY 92

J.P. looks out the window. After a pause, the door opens. Maggie stands in the doorway, her face serious.

MAGGIE
My mother loved Nina Simone. Played her records night and day.
(a beat)
All my life -- ever since I can remember -- I grew up hearing this music that sounded so... passionate, so savage. All about love and loss...
(simply)
I play Nina Simone when I think about my mother.

This is the truth. J.P. can tell. He's touched. He moves to kiss her. Then he leads her to the bed and they start to make love. The CAMERA STAYS ON their upper bodies. Their lovemaking is passionate. Maggie's eyes are closed. J.P. places his hands on either side of her head and speaks softly.

J.P.
Open your eyes. Look at me.

Maggie does. And the connection of their eyes intensifies the connection of their bodies. We see in their faces what they're feeling.

93 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY 93

Maggie's opening up and their intense lovemaking have taken Maggie and J.P. to a new level. They lie wrapped around each other. They're euphoric, even a little silly.

MAGGIE
I'm hungry.

J.P.
Want me to make scrambled eggs?

MAGGIE
I'll do it.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: 93

J.P.
Well, don't burn 'em for once.

Maggie tries to hit him with a pillow. J.P. yelps, jumps out of bed, heading for the bathroom. Maggie throws the pillow, then falls back onto the bed, laughing. The TELEPHONE RINGS.

MAGGIE
(through laughter)
Hello?

VOICE (V.O.)
(after a beat)
... Nina?

MAGGIE
(shocked pause)
Yes...?

VOICE (V.O.)
Go to the Beverly Hills Hotel. Personnel entrance. One hour.

MAGGIE
(very soft)
All right.

She hangs up. J.P. calls, "Who was that?" from the kitchen. Maggie speaks in a flat, unhappy voice.

MAGGIE
The Swenson program is acting up again -- I've got to go clear out to El Segundo.

94 INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - BASEMENT - ONE HOUR LATER 94

Dingy corridor filled with dirty laundry. Ominous. Quiet. Maggie walks carefully down the narrow passage. Cautious. Moves toward a pair of swinging doors. Tries to look through them and --

A gun touches the back of her neck. A HUGE MAN, pony-tailed and wearing black leather, shoves her against a wall.

HUGE MAN
(scary)
Don't move. Legs apart.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: 94

MAGGIE
(quickly)
Nina.

Immediately drops the gun to his side.

HUGE MAN
Okay. Go on in.

95 INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - LOCKER ROOM - BASEMENT 95

Maggie walks in quietly. Two more operatives stand guard. Automatics poised. Tattoos, leather, scary-looking. A THIRD lounges behind a table full of surveillance reel-to-reel stereo equipment. A just-set breakfast tray and bud vase sit within reach.

MAGGIE
What do I do?

THIRD OPERATIVE
(handing her a folded pile of clothes)
Change.

Maggie takes the clothes, shoes. Operative points to a guarded door.

96 INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - CHANGING ROOM - DAY 96

As Maggie walks in, seven employees stare at her. Each trying to look blank, peering past the guard at the door. Nervous. Maggie changes and moves back.

97 INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - LOCKER ROOM - DAY 97

Into the room, dressed as a chambermaid. Lays her own shoes and clothes on a table.

MAGGIE
(to the same man)
Now what?

THIRD OPERATIVE
(faintly antagonistic)
Now, we wait.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: 97

Another Operative walks in. He unscrews the bottom of the vacuum coffee jug, inserts a small metal device the size of a baby's fist deep into the jug. He tests to see that it's secure, then re-fastens the bottom of the jug.

A GUARD with a headset gestures to the Operative at the tray to pick up the relay set of headphones.

GUARD
(mimicking)
Room service.
(listens then)
Certainly, sir.

From the b.g., TV NOISE.

Hangs up. Immediately the Operative pours a cup of coffee, adding it to the tray. Glass of orange juice. And tomato. Milk. One hundred percent Bran Flakes. Checks everything. Slides a red tulip into the bud vase. Re-checks the tray, then hands it to Maggie.

MAGGIE
What do I do?

THIRD OPERATIVE
(still antagonistic)
You take this tray where I tell you.

MAGGIE
And then?

THIRD OPERATIVE
And then nothing. You take the tray up, go 'knock, knock' on the door, give 'em the tray, and come back down here. That too much for you?
(a beat)
And no weapons.

Maggie reaches into her underwear, pulls out a pistol, lays it on the table.

MAGGIE
Room number?

THIRD OPERATIVE
(handing her the tray)
Bungalow seventy-five.

98 EXT. BUNGALOW 75 - DAY 98

Two thugs stand guard outside bungalow 75. Maggie approaches. Damn, but she's good: with absolute accuracy, she acts a waitress' casualness -- she gives an off-hand grin and "hi," to the two thugs, reaches by them, knocks on the door.

After a beat or two the door opens (we see only an arm but we hear clearly the sounds of a TELEVISED FOOTBALL GAME). Maggie starts to enter, but one of the thugs stops her with a finger against her chest.

Expressionless, one thug sticks his finger into the dry cereal, stirs it around. Then both of the thugs check the tray carefully. They find nothing.

The first thug takes the tray from Maggie. Maggie turns to go, but a huge hand falls on her shoulder, stopping her.

MAGGIE
(nervous, but gives a sunny smile)
What do you need?

The second thug holds out a five dollar bill -- the tip.

MAGGIE
(so smooth; still the smile)
Great. Thanks.

Maggie pockets the five, heads back the way she came.

99 INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - LOCKER ROOM - DAY 99

Maggie enters, still wearing the hotel uniform. The Operative's surveilling of bungalow 75 is continuing.

MAGGIE
What do I do now?

OPERATIVE
(without looking at her)
Go home.

TAPE (V.O.)
(via tape recorder on TV)
... Eagles over the Giants.

MAGGIE
(surprised)
That's it?

Operative nods a "yes," slides her gun and clothes to the edge of the table. Maggie grabs them.

100 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY 100

Maggie exits the hotel, walks a few steps, turns a corner, then leans against a palm tree. She takes in a huge breath, then lets it out. She's relieved. That wasn't so bad. Hell, maybe this won't be as awful as she'd thought. She gives a big grin and walks on, feeling good.

101 DIFFERENT ANGLE 101

Maggie passes (at a distance of 20 yards) bungalow 75. Then the whole bungalow goes up in flames -- EXPLODES like a rocket. People scream, come running. Stunned, Maggie darts into her five-year-old, nondescript car and drives away.

102 EXT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY 102

Maggie, far less happy than when she left the hotel, exits her car, starts toward her apartment. As she passes a parked car, a voice speaks to her.

VOICE (O.S.)
Get in.

Maggie spins. It's Bob. Her mood falls further. She gets into the car.

BOB
Your first job went well. Congratulations.

Maggie waits.

BOB
How are you?

MAGGIE
I just blew up a bungalow. How the hell do you think I am?

BOB
This is a war, and you're on the good side.

MAGGIE
(long pause; still somber)
I met somebody.

BOB
I know.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: 102

MAGGIE
I really like him.

BOB
(doesn't like this information)
Oh.

MAGGIE
Yes. He's somebody I'd never have had a chance with if it hadn't been for you. You changed me from what I was, and you gave me J.P., really. And I'm grateful.

Bob really doesn't like hearing this. After a pause:

BOB
I have to meet him.

MAGGIE
What?

BOB
(lying)
Yes. It's standard. A six month check-up.

MAGGIE
Who do I say...?

BOB
You'll figure it out. Just invite me to dinner.

Maggie's no fool. She gives Bob one of her searching looks -- trying to read him. When Maggie goes too long without responding, Bob speaks again:

BOB
(an order)
Just invite me to dinner.

103 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 103

J.P. opens the door to Bob, who holds flowers and wine.

J.P.
(slightly facetious)
Bob. Uncle Bob!

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: 103

Bob's face flinches, but he manages a smile, and hands the flowers and wine to J.P. As J.P. introduces himself the two move inside.

J.P.
I'm J.P.
(holds up flowers)
You shouldn't have.
(holds up the wine; grins)
You should have. This is great. Thanks.

104 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 104

J.P. puts the flowers and wine on the table.

J.P.
Claudia'll be right out... it's nice to meet some of her family finally...

Maggie comes out of the bedroom and she looks particularly great: She has on one of those sheer linen blouses with two strategically placed pockets that always make the world wonder whether or not it just got a glimpse of breast.

Maggie moves to Bob, embraces him.

MAGGIE
(enjoys teasing him with the name)
Uncle Bob.

Bob puts his arms around her. Jesus. It's hard on him. Bob holds her just a moment too long, and the expression on his face is just one degree off.

Maggie tenses a bit and the two separate. J.P. notices, glances from one to the other: what is this?

MAGGIE
(covering the pause)
Come on -- I'll make us a drink.

105 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 105

Maggie, J.P. and Bob at dinner. Everything's perfect: Beautifully made. Roast lamb, baby vegetables, great wine. Maggie eats with the excellent manners Amanda taught her.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: 105

BOB
This is delicious.

J.P.
She can cook anything but eggs.

BOB
(studies Maggie, then, to J.P.)
She looks radiant. Must have something to do with you.

J.P.
Hope so.

Maggie smiles, leans over and kisses J.P. Bob doesn't enjoy this bit of domestic bliss. Bob eyes J.P. steadily. J.P. notices and stares back. There is a faint air of masculine antagonism between them.

J.P.
You're older than I thought.

BOB
(thin smile)
And I bet you're not the youngest guy hawking his photographs around town.

J.P.
(laughs)
It's true -- most of 'em are just out of high school.

MAGGIE
(to Bob)
He's not the youngest but he's the cutest.

J.P.
(after a pause; to Bob)
So how old are you, then?

BOB
(ever-so-slightly nettled)
I'm thirty-five.

J.P.
God, that means you're...

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2) 105

BOB
(as J.P. tries to think)
... ten years older than she is.

MAGGIE
(trying to change the subject)
I read the other day that one out of seven Americans lives in poverty. Can you believe that?

J.P.
(to Bob; won't let it go)
Almost eleven years, really 'cause her birthday isn't for three more months.

BOB
(very thin smile)
What's your point, exactly?

MAGGIE
(trying for lightness)
Hey, what is it with you two? Why don't you just arm wrestle, and get it over with?
(hands Bob the carrots)
Eat.
(hands J.P. the lamb)
Eat.

All three relax a bit.

106 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 106

Maggie removes a fabulous fruit tart from a Michel Richard box, cuts it into six portions.

107 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 107

J.P. pours Bob more wine.

J.P.
(lowers his voice a bit)
What was she like when she was little?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: 107

Bob is caught off guard, hesitates a moment.

J.P.
I mean, she never talks about herself... never gives me any details.

Maggie brings the tart to the table, notices Bob's expression.

MAGGIE
What?

BOB
He wants to know what kind of little girl you were.

MAGGIE
(to J.P., nervous, a slight irritation)
J.P., you promised.

J.P.
I'm not asking you, I'm asking him.
(to Bob)
She hates questions.

MAGGIE
Do I ask you questions?

J.P.
No, but I wish you would.

MAGGIE
(her irritation growing)
Oh, God, can't we just drop it?

J.P.
(flaring up)
No, by God, for once let's not just drop it!

Feeling pushed, made nervous by this dinner, Maggie is suddenly furious. She slaps the table so hard with the flat of her hand that silverware and glasses bounce.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2) 107

MAGGIE
(it erupts out of her; fast)
Hey, fella, I didn't get here all the way from the god-damn gutter in Kansas City so's I could wind up takin' shit from you! You don't give me attitude -- you got that? Huh?

J.P. is shocked. It's as if, just for a few beats, somebody else had taken over this woman's soul. Maggie struggles for control of herself. J.P. is embarrassed -- hates that this happened in front of Bob. He tries for lightness: using the nail of his index finger, he pretends to remove something from his teeth.

J.P.
... Little piece of my shoe got caught when I pulled my foot out of my mouth.

Nobody smiles. More dead silence. Maggie pours herself some wine. Everyone's as uncomfortable as hell. Suddenly J.P. speaks.

J.P.
I thought you were from Chicago...

There is a one-second pause, then Bob speaks, saving Maggie.

BOB
(so smooth)
Born in Kansas City, raised in Chicago.

J.P. nods. There is a short pause, then Bob speaks again -- and he is eloquent for the first time in the movie.

BOB
She was beautiful. Her hair was lighter then, and in the sun...
(searches)
... she gleamed.

J.P.
(loves it)
So, this was in Chicago, then?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (3) 107

BOB
Yeah. Well, just outside. I saw her mostly in the summers on my parents' farm.
(on J.P.'s reaction)
You didn't know she spent summers on a farm? She did.
(a beat)
I remember one summer the local kids gave her a hard time when she first got there: my Dad had a mare called Beauty. Inky black she was -- black as a crow's wing, and wild. She'd been used as a trotter, and never really ridden.
(a beat)
Anyway, the kids told Claudia that she had to ride Beauty before she could join their club -- that it was an initiation, that everybody did it.
(a beat)
Well, one day -- it was around noon, and hot as hell -- my mother screamed and we all ran outside, and there was Claudia bareback on top of Beauty.
(a beat)
That horse went nuts. I'll never know how she did it, but Claudia hung on -- just gritted her teeth, dug in her heels, and hung on.
(a beat; he smiles)
And by God, she rode that horse! That's how I remember her as a kid -- a little slip of a thing, bareback on this jet-black horse.
(a beat)
She was beautiful... she gleamed.

Bob's fantasy story is almost a love speech. All of J.P.'s antagonism vanishes as a result of Bob's terrific story about Maggie.

J.P.
(to Maggie)
It's really you. It's exactly what I'd've thought you were like.

There is a pause.

BOB
Did Claudia tell you what I do?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (4) 107

Maggie stiffens. What the hell is Bob up to?

BOB
I'm a partner in a travel agency.
(pulls out two airline tickets)
I got you a present: two tickets to New Orleans. Mardi Gras!

This gift, coming on top of the wonderful story Bob told about her, melts Maggie. She stands up, kisses Bob on the cheek.

MAGGIE
You're so sweet.

BOB
(small smile)
I'll enjoy thinking of the two of you there.

SMASH CUT TO:

108 EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREET #1 - NIGHT 108

We are in the very middle of Mardi Gras: the street is filled with passing floats, drunks, beautiful women, costumed weirdos, and, over everything else, noise. We hear MUSIC, LAUGHTER, SHOUTING, SINGING, etc.

108A EXT. BAR - ANOTHER ANGLE (INCLUDING MAGGIE & J.P.) 108A

The CAMERA MOVES to FOCUS ON an attractive bar with shuttered windows, and then we see Maggie and J.P. exit the bar. Both of them are laughing. The sidewalk around the bar is crowded with people -- no, it's more than crowded, it's <u>thronged</u>. For a few moments Maggie and J.P. can't move: they're literally pinned against the wall by the crush of people.

They have to scream into each other's ear to be heard.

J.P.
(yells it)
<u>This is crazy! What do you want to do</u>?

Maggie is laughing; she pushes futilely at the back of a fat man who is pressed against her.

(CONTINUED)

108A CONTINUED: 108A

MAGGIE
(yelling it)
I want to be able to breathe!

J.P.
(yelling it)
You still hungry?

MAGGIE
(nods; yells it)
Want to just go back to the hotel and have room service?

J.P.
(yells it)
I'd really like to find that oyster place!

Maggie shrugs, nods. J.P. takes her hand, finds an opening in the crowd, and they start off.

109 thru 112 OMITTED 109 thru 112

113 EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREET #5 - NIGHT 113

Still they search for the restaurant. Maggie's face is increasingly impatient.

114 EXT. NEW ORLEANS ALLEY - NIGHT 114

The alleyway is dark and shadowed. (In the b.g., we hear the MUTED sound of Mardi Gras.)

The two start to turn the corner. As they do, TWO MEN suddenly appear out of a doorway and block Maggie and J.P.'s way. The men wear suits, but no ties, black dress shoes but no socks, and they are unshaven.

In spite of their supplicating postures, there is an air of menace about them. They're like cringing dogs that can bite at any moment.

J.P.
What? What do you want?

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: 114

The FIRST MAN says something in a foreign language that isn't immediately recognizable. Is it French?

MAGGIE
What do you want?
(in French)
Do you speak French?

The First Man speaks to the Second Man -- again in the strange tongue (which is Cajun French). Then he switches to heavily-accented, musical English.

MAN #1
(smiling)
We seen you comin' along and we think you got some pretty fancy clothes, eh? Fancy clothes and a kind face.
(a beat; holds out a hand, palm up)
We got troubles, and we think somebody with pretty clothes and a kind face might help us out.

Maggie and J.P. hesitate, exchange a glance. Maggie assesses the situation:

MAGGIE
(murmurs)
Give them something.

And J.P. opens his billfold, gives them money.

The Man continues to hold out his hand. His mouth is still smiling, but the eyes are scary. His words are a threat:

MAN #1
We need <u>lots</u> of help, eh?

J.P. puts his billfold away.

J.P.
(muttering)
Go to hell.

He takes Maggie's hand and starts to push past the two men. The First Man pulls a knife, and puts a restraining hand on Maggie.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (2) 114

Almost too quickly to see, Maggie slams the palm of her hand, stiff-armed, up into the First Man's face, breaking his nose and sending him (screaming) backwards into the gutter. Almost at the same moment, she puts the other elbow into the Second Man's throat. He turns and runs, making gagging sounds as he tries to get his breath.

J.P.'s eyes widen in shock, but before he can say anything, Maggie grabs his hand.

MAGGIE
(mutters)
Let's go.

And the two take the first street that branches off the alley.

115 EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREET #6 - NIGHT 115

Maggie and J.P. round a corner, come to a street that is more populated. They stop, lean against a building, try to catch their breaths. J.P. looks at Maggie with amazement.

J.P.
What the hell was that?

MAGGIE
(acting her head off)
What do you mean?

J.P.
You knocked the hell out of those two guys!

MAGGIE
Oh, I was scared. That was just reflex.

J.P.
Some reflexes! But where did you learn to do that?

MAGGIE
(still acting; holds out a hand to show him how it's trembling)
I didn't learn anything -- I just hit out at 'em.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: 115

There is a pause. Suddenly J.P. laughs a full-out laugh. Maggie smiles, says:

MAGGIE
What? What?

But J.P. laughs harder. Finally, still through laughter:

J.P.
You see the look on that guy's face when he went down?

MAGGIE
(laughing too)
He did look surprised.
(still laughing; glad to change the subject)
I'm starving! Feed me!

J.P.
Let's go back to the hotel.

MAGGIE
What about the oysters?

J.P.
Screw the oysters!

And their argument is forgotten. They take each other's hand and start back to the hotel.

116 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 116

Outside we can hear the noise of MARDI GRAS. Maggie and J.P. enter, feeling good. Maggie is doing an exaggerated imitation of the man who tried to rob them.

MAGGIE
(guttural voice; wildly threatening)
Give us some money, you kind Tourist Pigs, eh?

J.P.
(imitating Maggie's blows)
Wham! Bam! Down they go!

They laugh and fall onto the bed and kiss. The kiss grows serious. Maggie pulls away.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: 116

MAGGIE
(yells it)
I'm so hungry!

She pulls away, grinning, and picks up the telephone, scans a room service menu, and:

MAGGIE
Hi, this is room 705 -- we'd like service for two. Um... two chicken salads, two pieces of raspberry cake, four bottles of Evian...
(a beat)
We get thirsty after sex.

She hangs up, flings herself back onto J.P.

MAGGIE
Kiss my neck.
(as J.P. obliges happily)
Kiss it harder.

PHONE RINGS suddenly. J.P. groans in frustration. Maggie answers it.

VOICE (V.O.)
(same flat voice as we heard before in California)
... Nina?

MAGGIE
(stunned; hopes she heard wrong)
Hello?

VOICE (V.O.)
... Nina?

Maggie almost drops the receiver. She grasps it with both hands to keep it from shaking.

MAGGIE
Yes.

VOICE (V.O.)
The bathroom cabinet has a secret compartment.

MAGGIE
(a pause, then)
All right -- make it two pieces of chocolate rum cake.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (2) 116

Maggie hangs up. All the joy, all the energy has left her.

MAGGIE
They're out of raspberry cake.

J.P.
(still happy; top of his lungs)
Then let's move outta this god-damn dump!

MAGGIE
(in another world)
I need a bath. I feel dirty. Relax and wait for room service.

Maggie heads for the bathroom. J.P. starts to protest, but the food will be along in ten, fifteen minutes anyway, so there's not much time for love. He lies back, luxuriating in the huge bed.

117 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT 117

Maggie looks behind the bathroom mirror. Nothing. Opens a wooden cabinet over the toilet. Pulls out a hi-tech headset. Behind that a rubberized walkie-talkie. Puts the headset on. Flips on the walkie-talkie and --

MAGGIE
(into the built-in speaker at her mouth)
Nina. In position.

VOICE (V.O.)
(over walkie-talkie)
First item's under the sink.

Maggie turns on the tub full blast, so the noise of RUSHING WATER will act as camouflage.

118 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 118

J.P. lies on the bed, lost in thought.

119 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT 119

Maggie moves fast. Feels under the sink. Pulls out a portion of rifle. Then, under a free-standing cabinet, another part.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: 119

Sits on a chrome stool, still in her underwear, headset in place, putting together a scope-mounted rifle with silencer. Record time. As she thrusts in a magazine --

MAGGIE
(into mike; low-voiced)
Assembly completed.

VOICE (V.O.)
Open the window.

Maggie goes to the window. Looks at the window for an opening --

MAGGIE
(frustrated; into the mike)
There's no fucking handle.

VOICE (V.O.)
I don't care.

120 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 120

Still lying on the bed, J.P. looks toward the bathroom door.

121 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT 121

Maggie's breathing hard, almost gasping.

And from the bedroom --

J.P. (O.S.)
(calling)
Claudia? Honey?

MAGGIE
(covering her mike; answering)
Yes?

122 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT 122

J.P. sits up a bit --

J.P.
(calling)
Know what I've been thinking?

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: 122

MAGGIE (O.S.)
(calling)
What?

J.P.
(calling)
I got a really good idea.

123 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT 123

Maggie looks desperately for something to break the window. Pulls toothbrushes out of a cup on the sink. Looks in the medicine cabinet. Glances around the room. Finally sees a towel, grabs it.

J.P. (O.S.)
I've been thinking maybe we could make Bob's present an engagement present. Save the poor guy some money.

124 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT 124

J.P. waits a few beats for an answer. Then:

J.P.
(calling)
What d'you say? You wanna do it? Make it formal?

125 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT 125

Maggie holds the folded towel up to a pane of rose-colored glass and, with a karate fist to the towel, breaks a small hole in the window in a silent, split-second hit. Breathing hard now, she looks around. Waits. Tension's unbearable. And in the --

126 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT 126

J.P.
(pulls a face; to himself)
Christ, I'm goin' down in flames, here.

127 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT 127

Maggie jams the rifle through the hole in the window. Sights into the scope and --

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED: 127

MAGGIE
(into the mike)
Okay.

128 EXT. N.O. MURDER HOTEL - POV - NIGHT 128

We see the parade of floats continuing. Across the street on a corner we see a luxury hotel. A man hurries out of the hotel and rushes to a limousine, parked on a side street immediately next to the hotel.

VOICE (V.O.)
The limousine on the side street.

Two more men hurry from the hotel to the limousine.

VOICE (V.O.)
Take aim on the limousine. We're waiting further orders.

129 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT 129

P.J. gets up. He's puzzled by the lack of response. Stands at the bathroom door.

P.J.
Claudia?

130 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT 130

Maggie's still taking aim. Ready to kill --

MAGGIE
(covering her desperation)
... Um-hmmm?

131 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT 131

J.P. leans one hand against the bathroom door, his face angry. He bangs the heel of his hand against the door, making it rattle.

J.P.
Hey, I just asked you something -- don't you think I deserve an answer?

MAGGIE (O.S.)
(calling)
In a minute.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 131

J.P.
Oh, hell, sure. My favorite thing: propose through a door.

132 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT 132

Maggie breathes deeply. Grasps the rifle even tighter.

From the other side of the door, J.P.'s voice grows more serious:

J.P. (O.S.)
I don't know what kind of shit you've been through, but I've got a good imagination -- I imagine the worst.
(a beat)
To tell you the truth, the worst would be a relief to me...

Maggie starts to cry. She can't stand this. Immediately she stiffens herself: yes, she can.

133 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT 133

J.P.'s beginning to move from sympathy to anger:

J.P.
Goddamn, Claudia -- what is it with you?

134 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT 134

Maggie cries harder. Wipes tears so she can see the target.

J.P. (O.S.)
Say, 'Go to hell, J.P.' Say, 'Go screw yourself,' but answer me.

135 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT 135

He reaches for the doorknob -- touches it -- but a KNOCK on the door stops him. He moves to the door, opens it for a WAITER, who pushes the cart in. The Waiter wears a plastic pig's head. He points to the food:

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: 135

WAITER
(heavy Southern accent)
Hope you're enjoyin' our wonderful Mardi Gras, sir. And in honor of the celebration, the management wants you to have a complimentary piece of the rasberry cake -- we call it our 'Pig-Out Special.'

J.P.
(staring at the cart)
I thought you were out of raspberry cake...

WAITER
Uh...

J.P.
(a big tip and)
Never mind. It's okay.

136 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT 136

Maggie's still, gun resting against the broken window pane. And through the...

137 EXT. N.O. MURDER HOTEL - POV - NIGHT 137

The hotel entrance is momentarily quiet.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
(in a whisper)
How many targets?

VOICE (V.O.)
One.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
(trying to hurry it)
What's he look like?

VOICE (V.O.)
I haven't been informed yet.

138 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT 138

The Waiter's having a religious experience over the tip as J.P. hurries him out the door.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: 138

WAITER
My name is Mark. I'm here every day but Wednesday. If you need anything...

139 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT 139

Maggie's face is drenched with sweat.

VOICE (V.O.)
Target visible in ten seconds.

140 EXT. N.O. MURDER HOTEL - POV - NIGHT 140

One of the men runs back from the limousine to the hotel entrance. The red cross of Maggie's telescopic sight FOLLOWS him.

141 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT 141

J.P. moves back to the bathroom door.

142 EXT. N.O. MURDER HOTEL - POV - NIGHT 142

A man and a woman rush out of the hotel.

143 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT 143

Maggie's barely able to hold the rifle:

MAGGIE
(nerve-racked)
Which one is it?

VOICE (V.O.)
I haven't got that data yet.

144 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT 144

J.P. listens at the door, still angry.

J.P.
Hey. You got nothing to say to me?

145 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT 145

No time left.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: 145

MAGGIE
The target, damnit!

VOICE (V.O.)
(suddenly)
The woman.

146 EXT. N.O. MURDER HOTEL - POV THROUGH SCOPE - NIGHT 146

Maggie's sight FOLLOWS the woman but a group of parade watchers moves between Maggie and the target.

VOICE (V.O.)
(raising)
The woman in white.

The woman appears for a split-second, only to be blocked again by a float.

VOICE (V.O.)
The woman in white, I said!

The woman in white is almost into the limousine when the float passes. She has one foot in the car, and:

VOICE (V.O.)
(yelling)
The fucking woman!

Two quiet BLIPS. Two small bloody stars appear in the woman's forehead, and she goes down fast.

147 INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT 147

Maggie grabs the headset, yanks it off with the mike and rifle. Moves OUT OF FRAME and --

J.P. opens the door.

Maggie's sitting on the tub in her underwear. Her face tearstreaked.

J.P.
Just what the fuck gives with you?

Maggie is silent.

J.P.
What the hell's going on in here?
(moves to the widow)
What happened here?

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED: 147

Maggie is silent. Joe turns back to her, his voice louder, angrier.

J.P.
Hey, bitch, you got ears? I asked you a question out there.
(as Maggie pauses)
So. You got nothing to say to me... is that it?

MAGGIE
Do you think I don't want to answer you? Do you think I don't want to say 'yes'?
(a beat)
If you never believe another thing I say, you can believe this:
(puts everything she's got behind the four words)
I got my reasons.

J.P. stares at her. One, two, three, four full beats their eyes hold. Then:

J.P.
Okay: for now, I'll take that.

A beat; with his index finger, he taps her shoulder; emphatic.

J.P.
For now.

Joe exits the bathroom, shutting the door behind him.

Alone, Maggie weeps harder. Pulls the rifle out of the soapy tub. Rests the rifle across her knees. Holds one hand over her mouth to stifle the sound of her sobs.

148 EXT. OUTDOOR CALIFORNIA RESTAURANT - DINING AREA - DAY 148

Bob drinks coffee, reads the paper. In the b.g., fractured sounds of conversation, GLASSWARE, SILVER.

149 OMITTED 149

150 ANGLE ON RESTAURANT 150

Maggie enters the cafe. This is something new: she wears clothes designed to be noticed. And she's mad as hell.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: 150

Bob holds a chair for her. Maggie sits in another chair. As Maggie sits, a waitress appears.

MAGGIE
Coffee. Cake. I don't care what kind.

BOB
How was Mardi Gras?

Gently, almost delicately, Maggie fake-spits at him. Bob smiles a weary smile.

MAGGIE
Everything you touch turns to shit.
(when Bob doesn't answer her)
I thought you were giving us a present.

BOB
Would it help if I told you the job you just did for us will save lives? That what you did brings about...
(searches)
... some good in the world?

Casually, contemptuously, Maggie backhands Bob's coffee cup into his lap, staining his clothes. Bob calmly covers the stain with his napkin, puts the cup back onto the table.

BOB
(unfazed)
I'm happy to see you. I miss the time I had you to myself.

MAGGIE
Why would you send me on a job with J.P.? Do you want him to find out? Do you want to break us up?

BOB
The job was hard -- it's natural that you're upset.

Surprisingly, Maggie laughs. It's a harsh, ridiculing laugh.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: (2) 150

MAGGIE
You're so pathetic. You sit there with that little smile -- always smooth, always cool. Why don't you take off the mask for once?

BOB
(*mask still in place*)
I know the job was a difficult one for you.

MAGGIE
Do you?

BOB
I can understand your feelings.

MAGGIE
Can you?

BOB
At sometime in the future, I'll try to make it up to you.

MAGGIE
Will you?
(a beat; strong)
Screw you.

Bob maintains his reserve, but it's a struggle for him.

BOB
We want you to know that you did a good job in New Orleans.

MAGGIE
Well, it was my last job. I'm through.

BOB
You don't mean that, Maggie.

MAGGIE
I do mean it. I'm done.

BOB
(scared for her)
Remember Row 48, plot 12?
(*a beat*)
Operatives can't leave -- they'd have you killed.

Suddenly Maggie leans across the table, takes Bob's hand.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: (3) 150

MAGGIE
Bob, you've got to help me. I can't do this. I can't live like this.
(absolutely vulnerable)
Don't you like me well enough to help me?

BOB
(we get a glimpse underneath the mask)
Like you? Not one hour of my goddamn life goes by that I don't...

He stops himself by sheer force of will. The mask is back on.

MAGGIE
Yes! I knew it! You took me and made me into something different, and you like what you made.
(points to herself)
Well, look close. Look hard, because you're right -- I am different!
(hits herself in the chest with her fist)
I'm better.
(another blow)
I'm better.
(another blow; harder)
I'm better!
(so touching)
So treat me better! Help me be better!

BOB
I wish to God I could. I can't.

After a beat, Bob's voice changes.

BOB
You know who Fahd Bahktiar is?
(when Maggie doesn't answer)
An Iranian with his finger in a dozen big pies? One of the richest men in the world?

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: (4) 150

Still Maggie doesn't answer. Bob takes out two color photographs. We see a bust shot of a darkly-handsome man with curly hair and liquid eyes. The other photograph is a full-body shot of a beautiful blonde with close-cropped hair. She wears tight-fitting pants and a latex top that shows lots of breasts. She also wears large, movie-star style dark glasses.

BOB
(taps the man's photo)
This is Fahd Bahktiar. Calls himself Frank. Right now he's peddling nuclear information to the Middle East. Get it? Every bedoin with a million bucks can have his own A-bomb.
(a beat)
We have to have a woman for this one. This kind of job is why you were trained, okay? The info's in his computer. You have to do three things -- One: impersonate the girlfriend so you can get into Bahktiar's house.
(taps photo; a beat)
Two: get a floppy of the data he's been sending, then destroy his computer.
(a beat)
Three: take him out.

Maggie's face flinches.

BOB
I'll help you do the set-up. We can take as much time as we need, but this is a biggie: <u>nail</u> this one.

Maggie takes a pause, then decides to try something:

MAGGIE
This is important to you?
(as Bob nods)
If I do this -- if I bring it off -- will you do what you can to help me get out?

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: (5) 150

BOB
(a long pause)
No.

Maggie takes the photo, walks away without speaking.

151 EXT. OUTDOOR CALIFORNIA RESTAURANT - DAY 151

Across the street, we see J.P. watching Maggie exit the restaurant. He's not happy.

152 EXT. COMPOUND - DAY 152

We watch as Amanda exits the familiar building. After she's walked a few steps, Maggie appears out of a doorway. Amanda is surprised, but then smiles with genuine affection. She embraces Maggie, kisses her cheek. As they walk:

AMANDA
Maggie, what a pleasure! How are you?

MAGGIE
Does anybody ever get out?
(on Amanda's reaction)
Were you like me once? Would they let you leave if you wanted to?

AMANDA
I think happiness in life comes from braiding together what one would like to have with what is inevitable.

MAGGIE
Oh, stop that shit! Stop talking like that. Answer me.

Amanda stops walking. Maggie is immediately contrite.

MAGGIE
I'm-sorry-I'm-sorry-I'm-sorry. I don't want to be rude -- you were the only one who was nice to me.
(a beat)
Please tell me: could you leave if you wanted? Just get on a plane and disappear?

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: 152

AMANDA
(as thick a mask as Bob's; social smile)
To tell the truth, dear, I don't know, because it's a possibility that's never occurred to me.

Maggie pulls out the photos from Sc. 150 that Bob gave her, handling it with disgust, as if it were a poisonous snake. She drops them in the gutter.

MAGGIE
You won't tell Bob I came, will you?

Amanda smiles, shakes her head "no," and the two women embrace again and walk in different directions.

153 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 153

Maggie, dressed as in the previous scene, stands by a clock that reads 11:45. She stands at the refrigerator drinking a glass of milk.

J.P.'s attitude is different: though he still treats Maggie with affection, he is wary -- he sees her with new eyes. And much of what he says cuts two ways.

J.P.
You look tired.

MAGGIE
I had such a long day -- I'm worn out.

J.P.
I bet you are.

MAGGIE
Our new software isn't moving -- I had a real rough day.

J.P.
I bet you did.

Maggie hears the new note in J.P.'s voice. She glances at him, then looks away. J.P. continues to stare at her.

J.P.
... curiouser and curiouser.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED: 153

Again Maggie glances at him. Why is he acting so strangely? Does he know something? Suddenly overwhelmed, she leans her forehead against the kitchen door -- just exhausted.

Immediately J.P. is touched. He moves to her, puts his hands on her shoulders. She's so tense that even this light touch is painful.

J.P. takes a beat, decides to let it go, for now at least.

J.P.
Want a back rub?

MAGGIE
Yes.

J.P.
With cream?

MAGGIE
God, yes.

Maggie tries to stuff some trash into the overflowing wastebasket, gives up, and carries the thing outside.

154 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - BACK DOOR - NIGHT 154

Maggie takes three steps to the large trash container -- then a hand falls onto her arm. She gasps, spins around. It's Bob. He holds out some photographs.

BOB
Here's some copies of the photographs I gave you -- Amanda says you dropped yours.

MAGGIE
(whispering)
I don't think I can do it.

The two stand looking at each other for a beat. Then, slowly, wearily, her arms still at her side, Maggie bends forward, rests her forehead on Bob's shoulder. It's in no way sexual on Maggie's part, and yet we can see its effect on Bob. He puts his arms around Maggie, touches her hair. We see that he's crazy about her.

BOB
If you can bring this job off, I'll see what I can do for you...

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED: 154

Maggie straightens, stares at him. Is he lying? We don't know. Maggie gives him one of her searching looks, reading him. Then, slowly, she takes the photographs, stuffs them inside her pocket, goes back inside without speaking.

155 INT. CAR - NEAR BAHKTIAR'S HOUSE - DAY 155

Maggie and Bob are parked on Mulholland Drive, blueprints of a house are spread on their knees. They stare up at an enormous Trousdale-modern house. The thing is immense -- 20,000 square feet, and is made of glass, white stucco and marble tile. An ornate gate protects the place from trespassers.

BOB
(nods his head toward the mansion)
You see the upstairs corner?
(points to the blueprints)
Right here? That's his bedroom. You arrive early; do it up there.
(a beat; eyes her)
With the right clothes and wig and attitude, you'll look enough like the girl friend to get in the house.

MAGGIE
And then?

BOB
And then you're on your own.

156 EXT. ANGELA APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 156

Maggie and Bob stand in front of one of those high-rise apartment buildings in Westwood. They stare at the apartment building across from them. Suddenly they straighten as a beautiful blonde woman exits. She is ANGELA CARTWELL, the girl in the photograph, the girl friend of Frank Bahktiar.

As Angela walks toward a limousine, we see that she is *very dramatic, very florid: flanked by two bodyguards*, she carries a Shar-pei puppy, walks with a model's swagger, and calls a loud, throaty "Hi, Darlene" to another flashily-dressed woman getting into a chauffeur-driven sedan. Also, we notice that even in the dusk Angela wears her trademark dark glasses. Bob speaks to Maggie.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED: 156

BOB
That's the girl friend.
(eyes Maggie)
Yeah, you're a good match. And the glasses are a blessing.

MAGGIE
(unhappy)
What happens to her -- does she die too?

BOB
Absolutely not -- no unnecessary wetworks.

MAGGIE
(relieved)
Thank God.
(a beat; thinking to herself)
She's taller -- I'll get some spike heels.

157 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 157

Maggie and J.P. are watching a baseball game. The TELEPHONE RINGS. Maggie answers.

MALE (V.O.)
(filtered)
Nina.

MAGGIE
(a shade too brightly)
Yes! How are you, Cindy?

MALE (V.O.)
(filtered)
We've bought off the hairdresser and manicurist, so everything's ready now.

MAGGIE
(as above; a laugh)
Oh, I'm so jealous: I've always wanted to go to Rio. Did you have good weather?

MALE (V.O.)
(filtered)
You need to stay close to home tomorrow morning.

157 CONTINUED: 157

MAGGIE
So you got a fabulous tan, I suppose?

MALE (V.O.)
(filtered)
A package'll be delivered at ten.

He hangs up, leaving Maggie with only a dial tone.

MAGGIE
(to a dead phone)
I'd love to. But not The Ivy -- I don't want to drive clear in. Meet me halfway -- how about Camelion's? Okay. Friday, then, one o'clock.

Maggie hangs up. J.P. turns to her: he knows she is going to lie.

MAGGIE
Cindy D'Amato. Used work for Super Mac. Quit to get married.

J.P.
Oh, yeah?

MAGGIE
She was always so much fun.

J.P.
Oh, yeah?

Maggie sees J.P's disbelief -- decides to go on lying, thinking maybe enough detail will fool him.

MAGGIE
Surely I've mentioned her. She's the one gained so much weight?

J.P.
(pretends to remember)
Oh, yeah...

MAGGIE
We're gonna have lunch.

J.P.'s not fooled. He stands up, spreads his arms wide, puts a stupid expression on his face, does a burlesque of a fool.

J.P.
(ugly; mocking)
Duh-h-h, oh yeah?

J.P. walks into the bedroom. Maggie follows him.

158 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 158

Maggie moves to J.P., puts her arms around him, kisses him.

MAGGIE
Give me a few more days and I'll answer any questions you can think of.

J.P.
What the hell am I supp --

MAGGIE
(kisses him to silence him; then)
Just a few more days!

159 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY 159

Maggie sits with a pleasant-faced, rather ordinary looking woman in her thirties, BETH WILLIAMS. Their attention is riveted on the TELEVISION set, which is PLAYING a jerky, very amateurish video tape taken at a birthday party. (The locale, though we don't know it yet, is the interior of Fahd Bahktiar's palatial home.)

The two women watch as, ON the TELEVISION screen, Angela Cartwell swaggers back into the room, holding a drink. Angela is the pure definition of the term "Euro-Trash." Beautiful, flashy, she speaks completely idiomatic English with a slight, middle-European accent.

When she notices that the video camera is pointed at her, she brushes back her short blonde bangs in a dramatic gesture, and speaks to an unseen camera operator in a throaty voice:

ANGELA (V.O.)
(on the TV)
Oh for Christ's sake, Frank, give us all a break and put the friggin' camera away.
(to another guest)
I mean, he's had that black bitch pointed in everybody's face all day.
(very actressy; very "It's all too much")
Give me a break.

Maggie runs the tape back, and we see a part of the same scene again. Then Maggie, in imitation makes a dramatic gesture, and speaks in Angela's husky voice:

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: 159

MAGGIE
Oh, put the friggin' camera away...

It's a good imitation. The other operative nods her head judiciously, says "Good. Good." On the video tape the scene changes, and we see a long shot of an apartment building. A woman exits the building, and the surveillance camera zooms in on her. We see that it's Angela Cartwell. She brushes back her bangs in the same dramatic gesture we saw in the birthday tape, then gets into the passenger side of a convertible (there's a driver), and is whisked away. Maggie rewinds the tape yet again, ready to practice one more time. She's on top of everything. She's in control.

160 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 160

Maggie is mixing tuna in a bowl; J.P. is running water on some romaine lettuce. J.P. flicks ON a small TELEVISION which sits on the counter. We see one of those cheapie, forties, black and white movies in which a blonde woman in a trench coat holds a gun on a cowering man. Maggie's face flinches at the sight.

MAGGIE
Turn that off...

J.P.
How come? Who's that blonde? I almost know her.

MAGGIE
(louder)
Turn it off.

The woman on the television cocks the gun. Maggie reacts, but can't turn away. She's reacting way too much to an old movie. Then the blonde woman shoots the man. As this happens, Maggie drops the bowl, makes a terrible gagging noise, and rushes out of the kitchen.

161 OMITTED 161

162 INT. BOB'S CAR (BAHKTIAR'S HOUSE) - DAY 162

Maggie and Bob sit parked in an outlook from which we see Bahktiar's huge house. Maggie is pale from the previous night, but she is steadier. After a beat:

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED: 162

BOB
Okay: everything's in place. We're going to do it tonight. Kaufman'll call me every twenty minutes. We're staying in touch all through this one.
(he's concerned for Maggie)
Walk me through it again.

MAGGIE
Beth and I drive the van to Angela's apartment at six. Well, maybe quarter to, just to give us a little extra time...

As Maggie speaks, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

163 OMITTED 163

164 INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 164

A mini-van with a metallic sign on the door that reads "Hair by Jugo" pulls into the driveway of Angela Mikael's building. A parking attendant comes to take their van, and, when Maggie and Beth, the other operative, exit the van, we see that they are wearing white uniforms. Their hair and makeup are slightly overdone. Both of them carry large totebags with "Hair by Jugo" printed on the side. They head inside.

165 INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY 165

The elevator stops at the tenth floor. Maggie and Beth exit. The CAMERA FOLLOWS them to apartment 1002. Maggie knocks on the door. After a couple of beats, a dark-complexioned, eastern-looking BODYGUARD opens the door. When Maggie speaks, her demeanor is perfect -- it's the weary I'm-doing-you-a-big-favor attitude that so many service people have today.

MAGGIE
We're from Jugo's.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED: 165

BODYGUARD
Where's Francine?

MAGGIE
Francine's sick.

BODYGUARD
They said Francine was coming.

MAGGIE
Yeah? Well, they said wrong, didn't they -- 'cause Francine went home. She got sick and puked on the floor:
(to Beth)
Attractive, wasn't it?

The Bodyguard stares at them, undecided.

MAGGIE
Oh, look, mister, I could give a shit whether or not I do another head of hair today, you know? So make up your mind.

Convinced by Maggie's "fuck you" attitude, the Bodyguard opens the door to them.

166 INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 166

The apartment is huge and furnished in an ugly, stark, modern style. Drying her freshly-washed hair with a towel, Angela Cartwell swaggers in, followed by another Bodyguard. Angela reacts.

ANGELA
Hey, where's...

MAGGIE
Francine's sick. Sherry sent us.

ANGELA
Well... great: new blood.
(moves to a chair)
Can you do me here?

MAGGIE
I can burn hair anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED: 166

ANGELA
(*sitting down; fluffs her hair*)
I want some fuckin' softness around the face. Francine slicked it all back last time. Dyke city.

One of the Bodyguards flicks ON a Sony WATCHMAN, and is immediately engrossed in a game show.

ANGELA
(to Maggie and Beth)
You meet my friends?
(*points to one Bodyguard*)
This is 'Stupid.'
(points to the other)
And this is 'Stupider.'

Maggie and Beth both grin. The Bodyguards ignore the insult. The one not watching TV leaves the room. Maggie sets to work on Angela's hair, Beth on her nails. Maggie stops, though, to pour a cup of tea from a thermos in her kit. She speaks to Angela.

MAGGIE
We brought some ginseng tea?

Angela shakes her head.

MAGGIE
Francine said you always drink her ginseng tea -- good for the sex drive.

ANGELA
I got no trouble in that department.

MAGGIE
(hesitates)
Really, it's <u>good</u>.

ANGELA
(irritable)
Give me a <u>break</u> with the tea!

Maggie hesitates again, glances at Beth, then both of the women draw pistols with silencers from their kits. Holding the pistol inches away from Angela's shocked face, Maggie speaks softly:

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED: (2) 166

MAGGIE
Drink the goddman tea.

With her most charming smile, Maggie holds out the tea. Angela shakes her head wearily, but takes the tea, sips it. The instant the woman is totally focused on the tea, Maggie draws a small syringe from her kit, plunges it into the back of Angela's neck, then holds the struggling woman tightly for a few seconds until she slumps back into the chair.

Beth has drawn her gun and trained it on the Bodyguard -- he's helpless. Then the man makes an impossible try and goes for his gun. In spite of Maggie's:

MAGGIE
No!

Beth overreacts and THUMP, SHOOTS a SILENCED BULLET into his chest. The Bodyguard's GUN FIRES ONCE as he falls to the floor.

The other Bodyguard races in, gun drawn. There's no other recourse -- Beth drops him before he can get off a shot. The man gets off a SINGLE SHOT as he dies, hitting Beth in the shoulder.

BETH
What a screw-up!
(very loud)
What a <u>fuck</u> up!

Maggie hisses for Beth to lower her voice, then paces around the room, trying to think.

MAGGIE
(white-faced)
I can finish it.

BETH
I'm calling Kaufman -- he said <u>anything</u> goes wrong, call him --

MAGGIE
No, don't! I've got to finish this one.

Beth reacts herself, pulls a special, safe telephone from her kit, dials a number, speaks into the receiver:

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED: (3) 166

BETH
(shrill, excited)
It's screwed up. There are two down.
(she listens; then, surprised)
Really?
(listens)
Okay. We'll wait.
(hangs up; turns to Maggie)
He's sending a Cleaner.

MAGGIE
(shocked)
Oh, Jesus Christ!

167 SAME SCENE - TEN MINUTES LATER - DAY 167

Silent, tense, Maggie and Beth wait, surrounded by the three bodies. Beth seems thrown by her screw-up: she tries to light a cigarette, but her hands shake too much.

168 INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY 168

The elevator door opens and a huge, hulking man wearing a raincoat and carrying a suitcase, comes down the hall. It is the CLEANER. He's scary even from a distance. As the man nears the door to apartment 1002, a SECURITY MAN exits apartment 1006 and speaks to him.

SECURITY MAN
Excuse me, but we've had reports of shots. Have you heard anything?

The Cleaner puts a finger to his lips, says "Shh," and SHOOTS the man in the face with a silenced pistol.

169 INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - DAY 169

Maggie runs to answer a KNOCK on the door opens it to find the Cleaner holding the dead Security Man by the ankle. He speaks in a flat, factual voice.

CLEANER
I'm Victor. I'm the Cleaner.

Victor drags the dead body into the room -- as calm as if he had a sack of potatoes. Maggie speaks to Victor:

169 CONTINUED: 169

MAGGIE
Listen, this turned bad, but I can finish it.

VICTOR (CLEANER)
(as if she were hard of hearing)
I'm the Cleaner. This part of the job's over.
(to Beth)
Where's the bathroom?
(as Beth points)
Bring the other three in.

170 INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY 170

The bathroom is enormous, with a six-foot square Jacuzzi bathtub made to accommodate four or five people. Well, this is its chance: Victor piles the Security Man into the tub, goes back and helps Beth with one of the other bodies.

Then Victor opens his suitcase to reveal ten one-quart bottles marked "ACID."

BETH
(going shrill)
What's that for?

VICTOR
For cleaning up your shit.

Victor opens an acid bottle, pours it down into the tub. Wisps of steam and a SIZZLING sound rise from the tub.

MAGGIE
Jesus, what're you doing?

VICTOR
Get rid of the fingerprints, get rid of the faces --
(pulls pliers from his pocket)
Get rid of the teeth -- presto: if it can't be identified, there's really no body. Get it?

When Victor pours the acid onto Angela's body, her feet and legs (which hang outside the tub) thrash convulsively and a horrible MOANING comes from the tub.

VICTOR

170 CONTINUED: 170

He pours more acid. The MOANING/THRASHING intensifies. It's hideous. Ghastly. Maggie backs against the wall, unable to look away. Suddenly Beth, whose mouth has been hanging open throughout the scene, who has been progressively more rattled begins to emit a high shrill keening noise.

BETH
E-e-e-e-e.
(takes a breath)
They said no wetworks.
(begins to back toward the door; loud)
I'm calling Kaufman! I am!
E-E-E-E-E-E...

VICTOR
(to Beth)
Sh-h.

He SHOOTS Beth (a SOFT THUMP) in the forehead and she slides down a wall, painting the white tile red with the back of her head.

Victor dumps Beth into the tub with the others, works on her with the acid, then gets his pliers, starts to go to work. He hesitates, looks at Maggie: it's in his eyes as clearly as if it were written there -- should he kill this one, too?

Maggie, whose face has been full of horror, sees the look. Knows what it means. Surprisingly, she smiles warmly. It's the smile Amanda taught her. To go with the smile, she says the words Amanda taught her to say:

MAGGIE
(easy, warm voice)
Oh well, nothing's impossible if a woman wills it.

Victor's face says "What?" But he hesitates. And in this moment of hesitation Maggie's life is saved: Victor's face changes, and he turns businesslike again.

VICTOR
Go get yourself ready for the next step.

MAGGIE
(surprised)
What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED: (2) 170

VICTOR
(dangerous)
What word didn't you understand?

Maggie leaves the bathroom. Through the doorway we see her open the kit she brought with her, take out a short, blonde wig and some clothes.

171 OMITTED 171

172 INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT 172

From a distance, we HOLD ON the elevator doors. When they open, we see something surprising -- a dead woman is walking toward us: Angela Cartwell, wearing her usual sunglasses, tight pants and latex top, swaggers through the lobby. As she PASSES the CAMERA, though, we see that it's Maggie. Behind her walks Victor, carrying his suitcase and Maggie and Beth's gear.

An employee calls hello to her and Maggie answers with an offhand wave and a husky:

MAGGIE
How ya doin'?

Maggie looks like Angela, yes -- but more than anything, it is her attitude which is convincing. The EMPLOYEE buys it. So far so good.

173 EXT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK 173

Maggie moves to Angela's red Mustang, speaks to the attendant and gets into the passenger seat. Victor drives.

174 EXT. BAHKTIAR'S HOUSE - GATE - NIGHT 174

In the night sky, over Bahktiar's house, a huge full moon has risen. Victor drives up, Maggie beside him. Maggie opens her purse, checks her gun, touches her wig, nods to Victor, who pushes the call button.

175 INT. BAHKTIAR'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT 175

A SECURITY MAN sits in front of a bank of black-and-white TV monitors.

175A HIS POV 175A

We see Angela/Maggie and Victor on one of the monitors.

SECURITY MAN (O.S.)
Hi, Angela. New driver?

On the monitor, Maggie brushes back her bangs the way Angela does and uses one of Angela's pet phrases:

MAGGIE (V.O.)
(filtered; bored)
Third one this month.
(a beat; still bored)
Give us a break, and open the friggin' gate.

The Security Man swallows it whole -- he pushes a button and we watch on the monitor as Maggie and Victor drive through.

176 INT. SOME CALIFORNIA OFFICE - PARALLEL TIME 176

Bob waits tensely. The TELEPHONE RINGS. He answers it and Kaufman speaks. INTERCUT as necessary.

KAUFMAN
It went off the tracks and I called in a cleaner.

BOB
What happened?

KAUFMAN
There were two down -- I was afraid we were gonna get splashed with shit. I told him to get it all cleaned up.

BOB
(suddenly scared)
How clean?

KAUFMAN
Down to the nap. The Cleaner's going with her to Bahktiar's. After she finishes, he'll clean her too.

177 BACK TO BOB'S OFFICE 177

But Bob is not there anymore. The receiver dangles where Bob let it fall.

178 EXT. SOME CALIFORNIA OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT 178

His face desperate, Bob exits the building running full-tilt toward his car.

179 EXT. BAHKTIAR'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT 179

The huge house is even more impressive up close. The lights of Los Angeles glitter; flagstone paths run everywhere and topiary animals crouch around the entrance.

Victor parks the Mustang fifteen feet beyond the entrance of the house, so that it isn't immediately visible.

Maggie gets out of the car, walks her Angela-walk to the front door, rings a bell. A dark-complexioned, Eastern-looking BODYGUARD opens the door. Maggie raises a hand in greeting to the man, to avoid speaking more than necessary.

180 INT. BAHKTIAR'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 180

The house is enormous and violently expensive-looking: the walls of the huge entrance hall are done in fawn-colored suede, the floors are of white marble, and large mirrors and statuary are everywhere.

As Maggie walks through the hallway, heads upstairs:

BODYGUARD
He's still upstairs. You're early.

MAGGIE
Sue me.

BODYGUARD
Want a drink?

MAGGIE
Salty Dog. Leave it down here -- I gotta go pee.

Smooth as silk. The Bodyguard heads away to make the drink. Maggie pauses on the landing to take a couple of deep breaths, then heads for a particular door, goes through it.

181 INT. BAHKTIAR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 181

The bedroom/dressing room alone must be 3000 square feet. Maggie enters. The room is empty, and we hear from the bathroom the sound of a SHOWER RUNNING

181 CONTINUED: 181

Maggie glances around. We see opulent furnishings, fabulous night views of the lights of Los Angeles, and -- yes, that's what she's looking for -- off to one side in Bahtiar's dressing room, is his computer terminal. Maggie moves toward it as the SHOWER is TURNED OFF and Bahktiar enters, one of those buttoned, terrycloth after-shower wraps around his waist.

Bahktiar is a stocky, powerful man, good-looking in a hairy-chested, liquid-eyed way. He stops toweling his hair, starts to speak to Maggie.

BAHKTIAR
Hi, ba --

He stops, realizing it isn't Angela. Before he can move, Maggie has a gun with a silencer on him. Bahktiar freezes, Maggie takes off her dark glasses, puts them inside her latex top, speaks softly:

MAGGIE
Go to the computer. Bring up your Nuclear programs.

Bahktiar is scared, but after all, this is a woman who has a gun on him. Women don't mean much in his country. He smiles a slow, contemptuous smile.

MAGGIE
Do it now.

BAHKTIAR
Suck my dick.

Still holding the gun on him, Maggie picks up a letter opener from the desk, cuts Bahktiar from collarbone to waist. So fast we barely saw it. The wound is shallow, but it bleeds.

MAGGIE
The next cut will be lower.
(soft, but so definite)
Go to the computer.

Bahktiar's contempt vanishes. He looks up at Maggie, new respect in his face, and moves to his computer. He works on the machine for a while, looks troubled, then works a bit longer. He turns to Maggie:

BAHKTIAR
I can't access the stuff. Some part of the system must be down.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED: (2) 181

It's obvious the man is lying. Maggie tells him to back up ten feet, then she moves to the keyboard. Still holding her gun and one eye on Bahktiar, she uses one hand to swiftly, surely manipulate the keys.

Maggie cocks her gun.

MAGGIE
Try to imagine what a bullet in the stomach feels like.

Bahktiar hesitates, then finally gives the code:

BAHKTIAR
(embarrassed shrug)
Peddlar.

Maggie enters it one-handed. Bingo: we see the information pour onto the screen. Maggie takes a disk from her purse, inserts it into the computer. There is a ten-second pause as the machine does its work.

182 EXT. BAHKTIAR'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT 182

With the CAR'S ENGINE RUNNING, Victor sits in the Mustang, absolutely impassive. His elbow rests on the car door, his chin rests on his fist. Behind Victor, a BODYGUARD walks around the side of the house, along the flagstone path that runs next to the cliff's edge. He sees Victor, stops 20 feet from the rear of the convertible and calls to him:

BODYGUARD
Hey, you can't park there. Move it around back to the parking area.

Victor doesn't move. Continues to sit, stolidly, chin on fist.

BODYGUARD
Hey, dummy, you deaf? Move the car!

Without turning around, Victor moves his head just enough that he can see the Bodyguard in the rearview mirror, then, calmly, totally at ease, Victor puts the car in gear. Instead of going forward, though, he puts it in reverse, puts the gas pedal to the floor and SCREECHES backward ten to fifteen feet, hitting the Bodyguard with the rear bumper, sending him flying down over the cliff.

182 CONTINUED: 182

Still calm, Victor pushes a button and we hear an odd BUZZING SOUND. And then the car's top begins to rise. As it does Victor puts the car into drive, pulls back just where he was before, puts the car into park, then resumes his former position exactly: elbow on the car door sill, chin on fist. Victor's just swatted a fly.

183 INT. BAHKTIAR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 183

Maggie retrieves the disk and puts it into her pocket. Then she inserts another odd-looking disk. Immediately the COMPUTER shoots sparks and makes a GRINDING noise.

Maggie turns to face Bahktiar, and suddenly all the resolve seems to leave Maggie's face. Bahktiar doesn't notice, but we do. Immediately, though, Maggie sets her chin and goes on with the job.

BAHKTIAR
(tries to bargain)
I can make you rich. And if I say I will, I will: I'll do it.

Maggie simply gestures for him to do what she's said.

BAHKTIAR
I mean truly rich. Think of having anything you want... anything...

MAGGIE
(her voice wavering)
On your knees.

BAHKTIAR
(going down on his knees)
You stupid bitch, I'm offering you --

MAGGIE
Put your forehead on the floor and your hands behind your back.

BAHKTIAR
(forehead on the floor)
Oh, please, no... please.

Maggie levels the pistol at the back of Bahktiar's head. Then, suddenly, two things happen simultaneously: her blink rate doubles and the gun begins to tremble in her hand. Maggie drops her arm.

183 CONTINUED: 183

Bahktiar, his forehead on the floor, goes on alternately pleading with Maggie and cursing her. Maggie steadies *herself and aims at Bahktiar's head again.* This time her reaction is even stronger. Her whole body begins to shake and she has to put out a hand to steady herself.

A third time she aims at Bahtiar's head, trying with both hands to hold the shaking gun steady. Again she can't do it. She simply can no longer shoot a man -- even this *despicable* man -- in cold blood. Trembling, breathing in gasps, she drops her arm.

Bahktiar senses something's up: slowly he raises his head, sees a distraught Maggie leaning against a table, her gun pointing at the floor. It's a chance: he rushes her. The two have a brief, vicious fight, with Bahktiar *trying desperately to get his hands on Maggie's gun.* Bahktiar is strong; he hits Maggie once, bloodying her face and takes several of Maggie's blows and still keeps coming. Finally he has Maggie in a corner. As he reaches for her gun, Maggie manages an absolutely perfect blow: she slams her fist into Bahktiar's throat.

His mouth a wide-open "O," Bahtiar goes down clawing at his throat for air. As Maggie heads for the door, Bahktiar, still gasping, drags himself to a desk, reaches under it, pushes a panic button. R-A-A-A-A-A-N-N-G-G. A truly incredible noise, it continues throughout the scene. Maggie knocks Bahktiar unconscious with a blow to the temple, races to the door, unlocks it and darts *through it, putting the Angela sunglasses back on as she* goes.

184 INT. BAHKTIAR'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT 184

When Maggie is no more than 25 feet down the hall, three BODYGUARDS (one Eastern, two Korean) *confront her.* Still in character as Angela, Maggie holds her bloody face and screams:

MAGGIE
Two guys was hidin' in his dressin' room!

The Bodyguards race on toward Bahktiar's bedroom. Maggie *speeds on down the stairs.*

184A INT. BAHKTIAR'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 184A

Just before she reaches the bottom, though, another Bodyguard appears, grabs her arm and asks what happened.

(CONTINUED)

184A CONTINUED: 184A

MAGGIE
There was two men in his room!

It almost works. The Bodyguard starts to head upstairs, but stops and pulls Maggie toward him to take a closer look. With a single movement, he rips off her wig and sunglasses, sees that she's not Angela -- but before he can react, Maggie hits him five lightning-fast blows in the face and neck. The last blow sends him over the bannister and Maggie races out the front door.

185 EXT. BAHKTIAR'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT 185

His gun drawn, Victor has heard the alarm and is out of the car and almost to the front door. Maggie bursts out of the door, passes him and they race to the CAR. Victor vaults into the driver's seat and he and Maggie ROAR down the driveway. As they do this, several Bodyguards pour out the front door, shouting and cursing, and SHOOT at them. A curve in the driveway, though, puts them OUT OF SIGHT. One Bodyguard screams to another:

BODYGUARD
Call the gate!

The Bodyguard runs into the house.

186 EXT. BAHKTIAR'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT 186

As Victor speeds toward the gate, we see a security guard running toward it from another angle. He begins to FIRE at them.

What to do? Victor has only seconds to decide -- he can't go back, he can't continue toward the gate. With only a moment's hesitation, Victor wheels a hard right and takes the car over the steep embankment and down the hillside.

186A EXT. BAHKTIAR'S HILLSIDE - NIGHT 186A

Jesus, what a ride. The hillside isn't perpendicular, but it's damned sure steep and it's dotted with boulders and scrub. The CAR SKIDS, bounces, slides and almost turns over once.

186B VICTOR 186B

hangs onto the wheel like grim death, though...

186C EXT. MULHOLLAND - BOTTOM OF HILL - NIGHT 186C

... and the CONVERTIBLE finally BANGS down onto Mulholland. The car fishtails, but Victor gets it under control, speeds away.

187 EXT. MULHOLLAND - BOB'S AREA - NIGHT 187

Bob's car, careening around the curves, its HORN BLARING, passes two automobiles at eighty miles an hour.

188 EXT. MULHOLLAND - NEAR CLIFF - NIGHT 188

The moon is even bigger, brighter, as Victor drives along Mulholland's curves.

188A INT. RED MUSTANG (NEAR CLIFF) - MOVING - NIGHT 188A

Maggie is sickened and furious: She hits the dashboard with the heel of her hand, hard, then hits it again, harder. She repeats the same words over and over, all run together.

MAGGIE
That's-it-that's-it-that's-it-that's-it --
(through gritted teeth)
-- seen the last of it!

VICTOR
Sh-h --

Maggie turns to look at Victor, who has a gun pointed at her.

Victor speaks softly:

VICTOR
Now you need to get clean...

With one of her instantaneous reactions, Maggie yanks upward on the emergency brake as hard as she can.

188B EXT. MULHOLLAND - CLIFF - NIGHT 188B

The CAR SCREECHES around a complete turn and CRASHES into the side of a hill. Victor's gun goes twirling into space, one of the car's headlights is knocked out, and the convertible rebounds across the road, spinning around once and coming to a stop half over the cliff. The swaying car is kept from going over the hill only by a copse

188C INT. RED MUSTANG - STUCK ON CLIFF - NIGHT 188C

As Maggie and Victor move, so does the car. Victor makes a grab for Maggie, who, like an animal trapped by a larger animal, throws herself on her back against the car door and gives Victor several savage kicks. Victor grabs her by the ankle, they struggle wildly, and one of Maggie's violent kicks STARTS the RADIO -- we hear a grotesquely loud version of EDIE GORME'S "Quando Caliente El Sol" BLARED into the night.

188D EXT. MULHOLLAND - EDGE OF CLIFF - NIGHT 188D

Maggie manages to get the car door open and scrambles out. The convertible sways sickeningly on its fragile support. Is it going over? No, it holds. Victor is right behind her. In the light of the single headlight Maggie looks desperately for her purse containing her gun. No time. Victor is too near. Well, <u>everything's a weapon</u>: she takes off her belt, which has a two-and-one-half inch buckle, swings it like a bolo, and cuts Victor in the face with it several times.

It's hideous: Edie Gorme's MUSIC somehow making the sight even more horrible, Victor keeps coming through the blows. Even though his face is cut a dozen times, he's unstoppable. Maggie backs up, moving around the swaying, unstable car. The ground is covered by marble-sized pebbles and larger rocks, and she and Victor both slip and stumble, again and again. Maggie almost goes down once, and Victor slips to one knee for just an instant. Suddenly, Maggie and Victor both see Maggie's shiny purse at the same instant, gleaming in the light of the single headlight. They both dive for it, but Victor is closer. He takes out Maggie's gun, points it at her.

Victor is surprised when Maggie doesn't run. Not only does she not run -- Maggie moves toward him. A small smile of respect tugs at the corners of the huge man's mouth.

VICTOR
(nodding)
Brave. Stupid, but brave.

MAGGIE
Rule number one: never load the first chamber.

On Maggie's last word two things happen simultaneously: Victor pulls the trigger getting only an empty CLICK, and Maggie performs what her karate instructor told her was the most painful blow of all: she crushes the cleaner's knee with a well-placed kick. The gun goes flying, the huge man screams a high, shrill scream and goes down like

188D CONTINUED: 188D

Even as he lands, though, he manages to grab Maggie's ankle again. The two struggle violently. Victor's shoulder hits the convertible hard, causing it to shift even more dangerously close to going over the edge.

And there on the ground, Maggie and Victor have what can only be described as a brawl. They punch and gouge and kick. Victor is stronger, but Maggie is faster. They bang into the car again and again, each time causing the SCRUB TREES to SIGH, CREAK and bend a bit farther. Finally they are lying half under the swaying car.

Then Victor gets one of his huge hands around Maggie's throat. With the other, he finds a fist-sized rock, raises it to strike her. As he does this the car suddenly shudders again -- slips farther over the edge -- yes, it's going over this time, there's no stopping it now. As all this happens, Maggie does the simplest thing in the world:

As Victor's hand goes up to strike her, Maggie just hooks the loop of his raincoat sleeve around the car's bumper. Victor's eyes widen, he drops the rock, and frantically tries to get the loop off the bumper. Impossible. Slowly, inexorably the convertible slides over the cliff, dragging Victor with it.

There is a CRASH as the car lands far below, but no fiery explosion. We see the single headlight shining up into the darkness, and we hear EDIE GORME'S plastic voice hugely amplified, still SINGING, "Quando Caliente El Sol." Maggie drags herself to her feet, staggers off into the darkness.

189 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT 189

Maggie stands in the shower, her face upturned to the WATER'S JETS. We see diluted blood running down her face, and her body, neck, and face are all a mass of bruises and scrapes and welts. Though she is exhausted, drained, there is something new in her face -- a quality of resolve.

190 EXT. MULHOLLAND - EDGE OF CLIFF - NIGHT 190

As a HELICOPTER hovers NOISILY overhead sending down a strong beam of light, we see two police cars, an ambulance and some fifteen people: cops, paramedics, firemen, etc. They all stare down over the hill to where the convertible's single headlight still shines up.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED: 190

We ESTABLISH Bob, who flashes an official-looking badge at everyone (making sure no one gets to see it clearly). He yells over the noise of the HELICOPTER.

BOB
(all his reserve, all his cool gone)
Did you find a woman? Was there a woman? Was there a woman?

POLICEMAN
(harried)
Hell, there could be twenty women down there for all I know. Car's in a bad spot. It's inaccessible. There's fire danger if the son-of-a-bitch blows.

BOB
How long?

POLICEMAN
(moving away)
It could be morning before we get that thing up.

191 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 191

J.P. lies on his side, his face turned away from Maggie. Maggie slips into bed. After a pause:

MAGGIE
J.P.? You awake?
(when J.P. doesn't answer)
I know you are -- I can tell by the way you're breathing.

J.P. turns to face her -- sees her scraped and bruised face. He puts his arms around her.

MAGGIE
Oh, I'm so tired...

J.P.
(quietly)
My God -- what did they do to you?

Softly, J.P. kisses her face, her neck -- even the palms of her hands. Maggie clings tightly to him.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED: 191

J.P.
I don't know what's going on -- what you're involved in.
(a beat)
I checked a few things, though: I know you don't work where you say you work, I know you didn't grow up where you say you grew up.

MAGGIE
How long have you known?

J.P.
Weeks.

MAGGIE
Why didn't you say anything?

J.P.
... Because I was afraid you'd disappear if I pushed too hard.

MAGGIE
I told you if you waited I'd answer anything. I meant it.
(touching his face)
What do you want to ask me?

J.P. has no questions about what Maggie's been doing, though, no questions about where she's been. His one question is a simple one:

J.P.
I want to know...
(searches)
... I want to know if you're going to leave.

Maggie's eyes brim with tears, then spill over.

MAGGIE
(very soft)
Yes.

J.P.
Then I'll go with you.

MAGGIE
(even softer)
No...

J.P.
Is Bob involved in it?

191 CONTINUED: (2) 191

MAGGIE
Yes. He said he'd help me get away, cover for me -- but whether he does or not, I'm going. I'm gone...

Maggie puts her mouth to J.P.'s ear and whispers something she's never said to him before -- something which she's never said to anybody. She whispers it so softly that we have to strain to hear:

MAGGIE
I love you, though. I do. I love you...

They kiss. Begin to make slow, romantic love.

192 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 192

While J.P. sleeps, Maggie stands by a window, fully dressed, wearing a coat, smoking a cigarette. Her eyes have what soldiers call "the thousand yard stare" -- she's in a brown study.

She rouses herself, puts out her cigarette. She takes one last, long look at J.P., then exits the bedroom.

193 EXT. MULHOLLAND - EDGE OF CLIFF - NIGHT 193

We watch as the Mustang is lifted to the crest of the hill. Bob crowds as close as he can. The Policeman who spoke to Bob earlier peers into the car, at the same time speaking into a walkie-talkie to the crew down below. He turns to Bob.

POLICEMAN
There's one guy dead down there, but that's it. And nobody in the car.

Bob turns, sprints toward his car.

194 EXT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 194

Empty-handed, Maggie exits. Except for a DOG'S FAR-OFF BARK, the night is quiet. Absolutely no traffic. Maggie walks into the middle of the street, heads toward an intersection. She reaches the intersection then stands there irresolute.

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED: 194

FROM BEHIND, at a distance of thirty yards, we watch Maggie stand stock still. The CAMERA HOLDS ON this. Then HOLDS LONGER. Where will she go? The entire world is a possibility. She turns her head to the right, then looks to her left. One more moment of hesitation, then she turns, strides confidently away to her right.

Maggie is gone.

195 EXT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - DAWN 195

The first hint of dawn is in the east. Bob's car makes a quick stop. Bob exits the car hurriedly.

196 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAWN 196

THROUGH the door we hear, played softly, NINA SIMONE'S "Black Is The Color Of My True Love's Hair." Bob's face lights up when he hears the music: she's here. He knocks. The door is opened by J.P., who looks like hell. J.P. shrugs "Come on in," and Bob enters.

197 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - DAWN 197

J.P. sits down. Bob remains standing, looking around for Maggie.

J.P.
She's gone...

BOB
Where?

J.P.
I don't know. She walked out empty-handed.
(gestures)
Didn't take her clothes. Didn't even take her purse.
(a pause)
Whoever you are, whatever you're in -- let her go. Leave her alone.

BOB
I can't do that. She had some information that --

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED: 197

Before Bob can finish his sentence, J.P. picks up the computer printout Maggie got from Bahktiar, slings it at Bob. Bob catches it, glances, then nods his head.

J.P.
Now get the hell out.

But Bob doesn't move. This man is his last link to Maggie. The two men eye each other steadily: still the same rivalry.

J.P.
She left you a note.
(as Bob's face lights up)
I tore it up.

BOB
(a beat)
What did it say?

But J.P. just stares at him. Bob smiles ruefully, nods: "You win that point."

Still, Bob can't bring himself to leave. He glances around the apartment. His eye falls on the "Nina Simone At Town Hall" album which has the singer's first name in four-inch white letters: "NINA."

BOB
(picks up the album)
Can I have this?

J.P.
(a hesitation; then a shrug)
Why not?
(about the album)
You like her?

BOB
(small, secret smile)
Yeah. I do. I <u>love</u> Nina.

Bob takes the album, walks to the door, then turns back, his eyes roaming around the apartment one last time. He notices the photograph of Maggie in the ocean, smiling, the sun making a shining crown around her head.

J.P. follows his gaze, stares at the photograph too. Both men are caught up by the beauty of the photograph. Both are almost in a reverie.

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED: (2) 197

J.P.
(surfaces; a beat)
We'll miss her.

BOB
(the truest words
he'll ever say)
Oh, yeah.

QUICK CUT TO:

BLACK.

THE END